UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL
00019537128

J.K.B.'S OWN BOOK

THE

Panama American

An Independent Daily Morning Newspaper

JOHN K. BAXTER, Editor.

Is the only Exclusively English Language Daily on the Isthmus, and on the West Coast of the Americas South of the U. S.

In Rep. of Panama or Canal Zone.

$ 1.00 per Month

$ 10.00 per Year

Elsewhere: $1.25 per month
12.50 per year

postpaid to any address in the world.

Published By

THE PANAMA TIMES, LTD.

No. 23 Central Ave., Panama.
Address, P. O. Box 5037, Ancon, Canal Zone.

GOULASH & CAVIAR

GOULASH & CAVIAR

— BY —

J. K. B.

Annex
PS3503
.A928
G67
1925

DEDICATION

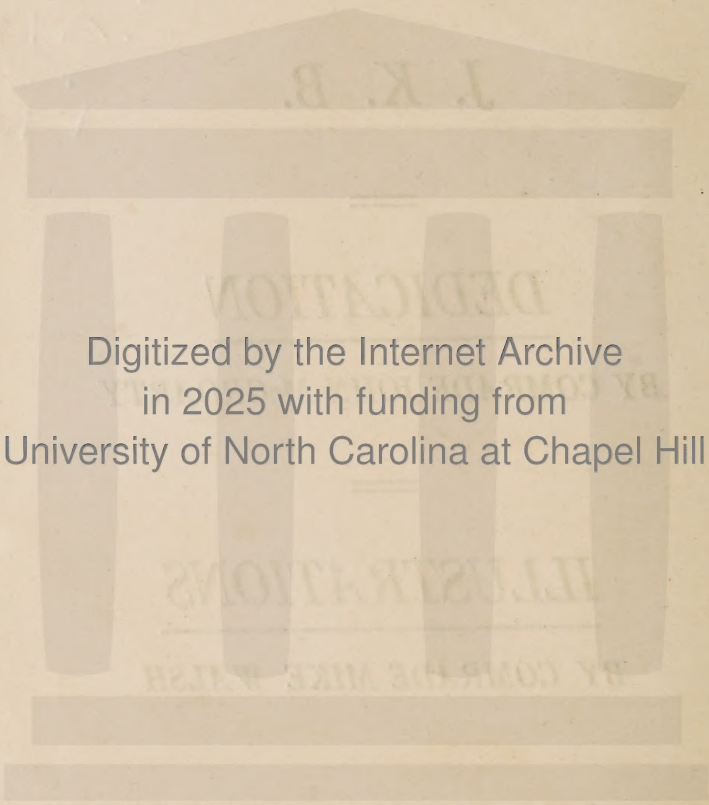
BY COMRADE JOHN McGROARTY

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY COMRADE MIKE WALSH

THE PANAMA TIMES LTD.
PUBLISHERS
P. O. BOX 5037 ANCON, C. Z.
1925

THE LIBRARY
THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
AT CHAPEL HILL



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

https://archive.org/details/goulashcaviar00baxt

DEDICATION

By John McGroarty

GO thou forth, oh little volume, with thy wisdom and thy wit,
With thy quaint and keen philosophy, so pungent, free and fit;
May thy travels be extensive, over land and over sea,
And I fondly dedicate thee to the friends of "J. K. B."

To his legion of admirers who have long been entertained
By his writings independent, by his honesty unfeigned,
And who, behind the quips and quirks, so whimsically droll,
Behold the stalwart intellect, the frank and fervid soul.

To those who know the real man, despite his "line of bull",
With the milk of human kindness, so generously full,
To those whom he has "kidded" and to those he has berated,
In kindness and sincerity, this books is dedicated.

To those who read his genial "dope", in print from day to day,
To those he has befriended, in his unassuming way,
To those who see the heart of gold, beneath the rough veneer,
The spirit militant and bold, the mind serene and clear;

To those who see the thoughtful sage, behind the ready joke,
Who behold the classic scholar, under Humor's flimsy cloak,
Who see the man of sterling worth, despising power and pelf,
This book, appealing and unique, will dedicate itself.

Go thou forth, oh little volume, pithy, pertinent and frank,
Fly to every kindred spirit—fly to friends of every rank;
Carry forth thy spicy comment, so original and free,
From the only and inimitable "J. K. B."

PRACTICAL ALCOHOLICS FOR THE NAVY

IN OUR great moral country the uplifters have spent the winter snooping about the colleges. They have peeked through dormitory keyholes, examined garbage cans for incriminating evidence, and kept a close watch on the back doors of fraternity houses, all with the most gratifying results.

Among the institutions of higher learning subjected to this pious and prurient espionage was the Naval Academy, at Annapolis. There it was discovered that midshipmen occasionally drink bootleg liquor. All of the old women in Washington went into hysterics, and Dr. Wayne B. Wheeler shed tears of mortification. Certain scapegoats were sacrificed to the rage of the W. C. T. U., and the Secretary of the Navy was warned that Annapolis must be dry henceforth and forever.

Now this is all very well, but there is one factor in the problem which has apparently been overlooked. Naval officers are not as other men. While they may spend the greater part of their lives warming swivel chairs in the land of one half of one per cent, occasionally they must put to sea and visit unredeemed and heathen countries, Where Volstead is unhonored and unsung. There forbidden beverages are almost forced upon them.

In time we may develop some gallant young hero, who will earn a place in the school histories by sternly refusing a glass of champagne offered him by the Queen of Cambodia. "Madame," he will say, "at home and abroad I obey my country's laws." When these immortal words are spoken they will go ringing down the corridors of time with "don't give up the ship" and "we have met the enemy and they are ours." However, they have not yet been spoken, and in the present state of opinion in the service it is even pos-

MADAME, AT HOME AND ABROAD I OBEY MY COUNTRY'S LAWS!!
CAMBODIA
NO PARKING
WALSH

sible that any patriot who uttered them might disappear over the side on the first dark night. There is a feeling that such sentiments are inconsistent with courtesy and common sense, and to avoid international complications ensigns and admirals cheerfully accept whatever alcoholic entertainment comes their way. They can scarcely do otherwise.

Now if the officers of our Navy must drink, as on occasions they really must. I submit that it is a mistake to deprive them of all opportunity of practicing the art in their young and plastic years. They ought rather to be instructed. There should be a professor of alcoholics on the Annapolis faculty. First year men should be given easy lessons in beer and the etiquette of the keg party. Second year men might proceed to light wines and the milder mixed drinks. The course would conclude with practical demonstration and daily drill for upper classmen in gin, rum, whiskey and the various cocktails, punches, etc., in which these distilled liquors are the principal ingredients.

Before graduation each midshipman should be submitted to careful laboratory tests to determine his exact capacity, and given a certificate attesting, according to the ascertained facts, that he is safe for beer only, good for one quart of claret, or equal to one pint of Scotch served in conventional doses at intervals of not less than fifteen minutes. Men who can not hold their liquor at all should be plucked as unfit for the service, and those who subsequently exceed their certified capacity when ashore in foreign parts should be subject to court martial..

The advantages of this plan are so obvious that all sensible men will approve it without question. Unfortunately sensible men are an insignificant minority of the population. In our village, gentle reader, I can think of none answering the description, excepting only you and myself.

SUGGESTION FOR THE DEFENSE OF THE PANAMA CANAL

YESTERDAY I met in Chorrillo my old friend General Otto von Spiegelei, whom I had known years ago when he was a young lieutenant of hussars and I was a student of theology at the University of Schmierkase. The general, as is well known, became one of the leading military experts of Germany, and served on Hindenburg's staff during the latter years of the war. He is famous as the inventor of giggle gas, which causes all who inhale it to expire in horrible convulsions of laughter. At the present time the general is serving as oiler on the Kosmos freighter "Leberwurst," but he tells me that he expects shortly to head a military mission to re-organize the army of Patagonia.

After some preliminary conversation of a purely personal nature we entered into a discussion of the defenses of the Panama Canal. I will endeavor to repeat in brief and as nearly as I can recollect them, the views of this eminent authority.

"Without doubt," said the general, "you should fortify the Island of Taboga, also the Pearl Islands and the Galapagos Islands. To allow this latter group to fall into the hands of an enemy, who might use it as a base for naval and aerial operations, would be fatal. The same applies to any other islands within a thousand mile radius of the Canal. Jamaica, for instance is a sine qua non.

"As to local defenses, your minimum requirements are a complete trench system extending from ocean to ocean at a distance of not less than fifty miles on either side of the Canal, with similar trenches parallelling the coast. This trench line, would be roughly three hundred miles long. Improvised trenches are out of the question in this climate. The permanent system would have to be lined with concrete and elaborately, drained. The same

THE WHOLE DAMNED WORLD

holds good of all gun emplacements, including those for field guns of small caliber. A network of concrete roads must be built radiating from the Canal to all points on the outer trenches, say 600 miles in all, provided a few billion feet of heavy lumber is kept in stock for the building of temporary plank roads such as the British used in Belgium.

"But while it is necessary to provide against a land attack, the real peril will be from the air. One measure suggests itself at once. The Canal must be camouflaged. This can be done by stretching a wire netting across the sea-level sections, the locks and the Culebra Cut at a suitable height, and covering this with imitation foliage such as was used during the late war over our gun pits. The same protection should be given to all public buildings and military posts. The Gatun Lake presents greater difficulties, but something would have to be done there too, for nothing is so conspicuous from the air as a sheet of water. For the deception of bombing planes it might be well to dig one or more dummy canals on either side of the real one. It would be unnecessary to make them more than two or three feet deep.

"Speaking roughly and without going into technical details, I estimate that with a preliminary expenditure of some two or three billion dollars for fortifications, a skeleton garrison of five hundred thousand men and the necessary complement of guns, aeroplanes, etc., the Canal could be made reasonably safe against hostile attack. I am speaking, of course, of minimum requirements, and your own experts would doubtless find it necessary to elaborate somewhat on my plans. In any case, the whole scheme of defense would have to be overhauled and revised about once every five years to keep pace with the progress of military science."

The foregoing outline by General Spiegelei of our minimum requirements for defense is so lucid and convincing and so typical of the best military thought of our day that I feel it to be my patriotic duty to present it to my fellow citizens and taxpayers.

FOR THE CONSOLATION OF CIVILIANS

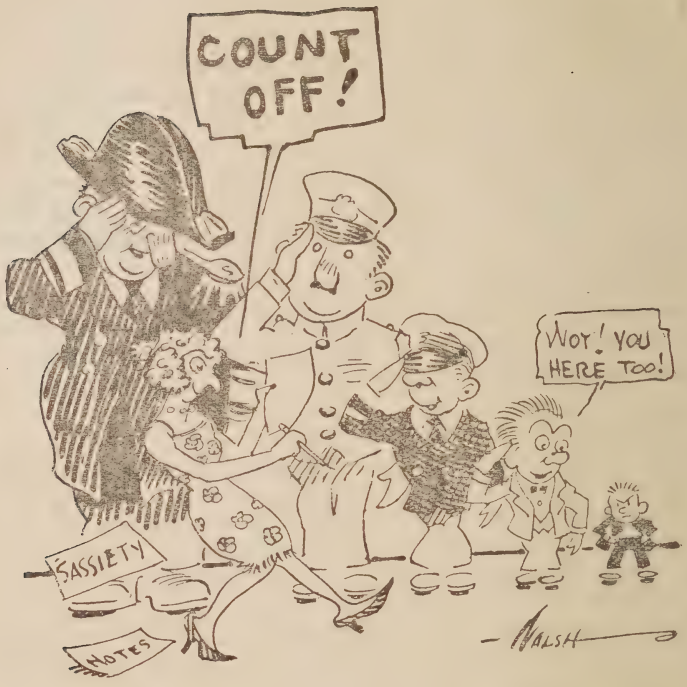
Although I assured Rosie Byrnes that I would be on hand Thursday night at the Charity Ball to tread with her the light fantastic toe, as Milton expressed it, or, in the vernacular, to shake a wicked hoof, I was feeling far too feeble after the labors of the day to indulge in violent exercise. Even a double issue of firewater failed to stimulate me, and I went early to bed. Hence I did not feel personally aggrieved at the statement in yesterday's paper that everybody was there from governors and admirals "down to ensigns, clerks and civilians."

As I say, I did not take this to heart, but not so my fellow civilians. Various members of that respectable order, deeply incensed at being thus relegated to the social subcellar, have demanded that I rally to their support.

With every inclination to heed this clarion call, I can not for the moment think of any devastating insults to hurl at the military which I have not used so often that they become a trifle blunt. But attacking the question from the opposite angle, I point with pride to the great men who have distinguished themselves in civil life. Look at Shakespeare, look at Dr. Frank Crane, look at Jack Dempsey, look at Calvin Coolidge. Did the Army or the Navy ever produce anything to compare with these? I trow not, I double-trow not.

Let my indignant friends consider these glorious examples of civilian eminence, and perhaps they can then live in our village, entirely surrounded by uniforms and gilt buttons, without developing an inferiority complex.

Moreover, if they will closely examine the ensigns, lieutenants, captains, colonels and admirals of their acquaintance, who are so unjustly preferred in the society news to honest boilermakers and inksmiths, the bone and


COUNT OFF!
WOT! YOU HERE TOO!
SASSIETY
NOTES
WALSH

sinew of our country, they will find that these glittering ones are even as you and I. They have the same difficulty in meeting their bills and keeping the peace with their wives, the same or bitterer grievances against the boss, and the same inclination to chuck it all and kick over the traces, the same troubles, the same worries, the same discontent.

Nine times out of ten, when I talk to one of them over something cool in a glass, I forget entirely that he belongs to the hated military caste and treat him as a fellow Bolshevik and souse-brother.

THE FRENCH IN MOROCCO

LAST Thursday M. Paul Painleve, Premier of France, called on the Sultan of Morocco and assured that worthy potentate "that the entire loyalty and energy of France would be devoted to keeping the Sultan's authority intact."

How the Sultan received this extraordinary declaration is not stated. He may have said, "Paul, old top, if you know another joke as good as that, let's have it. I need a laugh." On the other hand, he may have turned black in the face and used language which it would be impossible for me to repeat in our great family daily. But after all, it makes very little difference what the Sultan said, and doubtless that is why his remarks were not quoted in the press.

Do not imagine, gentle reader, that I am inclined to criticize the French for swallowing Morocco. If they can digest it, they are welcome. The Moors have held North Africa for a thousand years without establishing there anything remotely resembling a civilization. They deserve to lose it.

I am perfectly willing to subscribe to the doctrine that the incompetent and the weak have no right to occupy large and comfortable areas of land to the exclusion of the competent and the strong. Nevertheless the business of ousting weaklings from their ancestral holdings and stripping them of their goods and chattels, is inevitably sordid, and it contrasts oddly with our high moral professions concerning the brotherhood of man, the right of small nations, self determination, liberty, fraternity, equality and all that sort of thing..

These dirty little jobs are necessary to the advance of civilization, but it would be better perhaps to turn them over to a special class of persons, such as soldiers, marines and chartered companies, and reserve statesmen of the caliber of M. Painleve for more savory and credit-

able uses. If Marshall Liautey had announced that he proposed to slaughter a few thousand Moroccans solely because of his high regard for the Sultan, we would have thought nothing of it, for that is just the sort of nonsense that marshalls are noted for. But when a French Premier stoops to such transparent hokum he appears ridiculous and suffers in prestige.

WHY OLDTIMERS ARE SUSPICIOUS OF THE ARMY

ONCE upon a time there was no Army at all in the Canal Zone. That was in the days of the two Johns, Wallace and Stevens. Strange to say, it was during the reign of John II, a civilian, that we had our nearest approximation to military discipline. Mr. Stevens believed in subordination. He refused to permit any appeal from a department head to himself, and as the department heads followed the same rule, every man was dependent on the favor of his immediate boss. Whatever happened, the boss was always right. The disgruntled were told that there was a boat leaving every week, and if they did not like the Isthmus they were free to go home or go to hell.

In spite of his "short way with dissenters" Mr. Stevens towards the latter part of his incumbency was tremendously popular. That was because we felt that the real enemy, then as now, was in Washington, the bureaucracy and the politicians, whom he fought tooth and nail, and that in the long run he would recognize and reward efficient service.

When Stevens was forced out because he refused to accept responsibility without authority, and an unknown Colonel of Engineers with a trick name was appointed to succeed him, the disgust of the roughnecks was universal and outspoken. The hardboiled construction men packed their grips and asked for their time. Goethals' first task was to prevent the immediate dissolution of Stevens' organization. He got the oldtimers together at Corozal and told them that he had left his uniforms in Washington, that he did not expect any man to salute him or to stand at attention when he went by, and neither did he propose to make revolutionary changes of any sort. The gang heard this with scepticism, but they decided to stick around for a while and see what happened.

In dealing with the employes George the Great kept

his word in letter and in spirit. His system was anything but military. But during his reign we were gradually overrun by the Army. They swallowed the Atlantic Division and the Quartermaster's Department, and grabbed as many good jobs elsewhere as they could lay their hands on. When an Army man had once filled a position, it became an Army perquisite thenceforth and forever. I do not believe that George was primarily, responsible for this. It was due to outside pressure. If the Atlantic Division was a closed preserve for the Engineer Corps, he kept the Pacific Division exclusively civilian, and he never neglected to point out that unit costs at Pedro Miguel and Miraflores were materially lower than at Gatun, a fact that was not due entirely to superior engineering, but nevertheless a fact and disagreeable.

Some of these Army officers were very competent, and a few were no more than ornamental figureheads, whose chief function was to serve as butts for facetious anecdotes, which relieved the monotony and kept us in a good humor. But they all blocked civilian promotion. The most competent civilian, with years of service, felt that he might and probably would be passed over for any officer whom the War Department might choose to detail for duty on the Isthmus.

There was much snobbery in those days too, but, to be perfectly fair, the Army people were not the only offenders. The civilians in such organizations as the Tivoli and the University Clubs were also guilty of establishing caste lines. That seems very curious now. The world must have grown more democratic. Today I see very little real snobbery in our village, even among the women, who are always more liable than the men to that particular form of idiocy.

While we saw no good reason for reserving many executive positions for Army officers who were not especially qualified to fill them, and resented the social airs which they and their women occasionally assumed, we did not become really hostile until on the completion of the Canal Congress, while refusing recognition to civilians however meritorious, enacted that any Army officer who had served here for three years might be retired on his own application with the rank next above that to which he had then attained and the corresponding pen-

sion for life. If this had applied merely to Goethals, Gorgas and other members of the Isthmian Canal Commission, we might have swallowed it, but why, we asked, reward young fellows barely three years out of West Point, who had done no work more important than that of an assistant engineer, and pass over Sidney Williamson, W. G. Comber, L. K. Rourke, Schildhauer, Cornish, Goldmark and Sherman, to mention only a few of the more conspicuous civilians? It was gross discrimination, and all the more hateful to us, because it served to confirm the popular legend that the Army built the Panama Canal, as accurate historically as the story that a flock of geese saved Rome. Every oldtimer has this sticking in his craw, and if gentlemen in uniform occasionally detect in us a certain "bristling hostility towards the Army," they can attribute it in large part to this cynical grab engineered by the Army lobby in 1914.

In those early days, although we might not love the Army, we still held it in some awe. There was a glamor and a mystery about it. Then came the war; most of us put on uniforms ourselves; and, while we learned something of the Army's problems, we were not greatly impressed by its intelligence or its efficiency. We have also ceased to regard Army officers as devoted beings charged with sole responsibility for the defense of the country, for we know that if the country is again in danger, we will again have to defend it ourselves, as we did in 1917-18, and the professional soldiers will gravitate naturally to staff positions, where they will do rather less spectacular bleeding and dying than ourselves.

On the Panama Canal the war served the purpose of shaking various Army men out of comfortable jobs which they had monopolized for years, and it was then demonstrated that fellows like Bob Morris, C. A. Gilmartin and Guy Johannes, trained in our own organization, could handle the Supply Department, the Commissary and the Police quite as efficiently as any Captain or Major detailed here for temporary service.

We are now better off in that respect than we were ten years ago, but we do not know how long it will last. The Army is powerful and persistent. Since the war it

has swallowed Ancon Hospital. We have no assurance that it will not swallow the whole Canal.

I for one am perfectly satisfied with the present method of filling the position of Governor by the appointment of an Engineer Officer who has first served four years as Engineer of Maintenance. This method assures a continuity of policy and a respectable level of ability. Moreover, a man who comes here with the prospect of eight years' service and then going on the retired list will gradually become more interested in the Canal than in the Army, which is as it should be. The system has worked well thus far, and if it is ever abandoned we can hope for nothing better than a succession of lame duck politicians of a type with which we are already too familiar. If President Harding had been allowed to have his own way, we might have been saddled with Forbes of the Veterans' Bureau. He was at one time slated for the job. If McAdoo had been nominated and elected, we were threatened with Miguel Otero. At its worst the Army is preferable to that.

Since we must work in harmony with the garrison of the Canal Zone and with the Navy, it is also reasonable enough that we should have one or two representatives of the two services subordinate to the Governor and the Engineer of Maintenance to act as liaison officers; but we now have too many of them, and the organization will ultimately suffer if their number is increased and they are allowed to block all promotion and render the service unattractive to ambitious civilians. The most successful American corporations train their own executives and fill all vacancies by promotion. If the Panama Canal does not wish to sink to the dead level of other Government departments and furnish one more example of the futility of Government operation, it must follow the same policy.

These all too lengthy remarks may explain why old canal diggers are suspicious of the Army. We do not hate it. If it will confine itself to its proper business of national defense, we can get along with it very well. But we see no reason why it should run the Panama Canal. That is our job.

INAUGURATION OF HENRY FORD

THE following is quoted from Prof. Spoofendyke's History of the United States (Revised Edition, 1935):

"No patriotic American who witnessed the inauguration of Henry Ford on March 4, 1925, will ever forget that memorable ceremony. For a month previous the roads from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico and from the rockbound coast of Maine to the orange groves and oil derricks of Southern California were congested with original Ford men, each on pilgrimage to the Nation's capital in his tin Lizzie.

"The inaugural parade was headed by Mr. Joseph Williams, a resident of the Canal Zone, upon whom this honor was conferred as the owner and driver of the oldest Ford jitney bus in captivity. He was followed by fifty thousand flivvers, driving ten abreast down Pennsylvania Avenue. The racket and the rattle could be heard all the way to Baltimore.

"The first act of the new administration was to force the Standard Oil Trust, by threatening to confiscate Mr. Rockefeller's wig and cut off his supply of milk and crackers, to reduce the price of gasoline to ten cents a gallon.

"There followed the deportation of the Jews, supervised by the Ku Klux Klan. This salutary measure, necessary though it was, resulted in the complete disorganization of the moving picture industry, the cloak and suit trade and the junk business, but the country soon adjusted itself to the change. The few gentiles remaining in New York after the exodus emigrated to other parts of the country, and Manhattan Island was converted into a National Park.

"The 'Levyathan,' which had been used in transport service between Hoboken and Palestine, was reconditioned, at an expense of $18,000,000 and sent out in

CINDY!
DEPORTATION
YES, YES! TELL HENRY I'LL LOWER THE PRICE OF GAS AND MUJOL TOO!
AN' IF YOU DON'T OFF COMES TH' WIG, SEE!
CONFISCATION
AS SURE AS MY NAME IS BILLY SUNDAY IF YOU DON'T DO AS WE DO YOU'LL ALL GO TO HELL!
ANIMATION & ORATION
CHUG!!
RACK!!
RICKETY
RATTLETY
TRAP!
CHUG!!
AVIATION
ANCON-BALBOA
INAUGURATION
DEAD INDEPENDENT
BORN DENT
Ford
Ford 9999
NAVIGATION
I'LL TAKE YOU TO A SHOW TO NIGHT IF WE CAN SNEAK PASSED FORD'S GUM SHOE—
OH, NO YOU WONT!!
WALSH
—AND A HELL OF A SITUATION—

charge of Dr. Frank Crane, Billy Sunday, Cal. Coolidge, Carrie Chapman Catt and Pussyfoot Johnson to preach the uplift and the gospel of Main Street to Europe, Africa and Asia.

"Ten thousand Eagle Boats were commissioned to suppress rum running on our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards and the Great Lakes.

"The farmers of the United States were taught how to conduct their business by working for eight hours a day during three months of the year, while devoting the remainder of their time to minutely specialized processes in Ford assembly plants established in each county seat.

"A minimum wage of $10 a day was decreed for all government employes, and a system of benevolent inspection was inaugurated to see that they led virtuous lives and did not spend their money foolishly.

"These and similar measures inaugurated what has become known as the Jitney Era in our history, and raised the United States to a pinnacle of the common-place which no previous democracy had attained or even aspired to."

NEED FOR BIRTH CONTROL IN COLON

I NOTE that our mutual friend Father Cooper suggested the other day to the Colon Rotary Club that the annual carnival be abolished and that the money spent on it be devoted to the relief of the aged poor and the training of the the young.

His scheme, I fear, is not feasible. Human nature being what it is, men are willing to spend for their amusement money which it would be impossible to extract from them for any other cause, however worthy.

If the carnival were abolished, the first to complain would be the poor and ignorant, whom Father Cooper wishes to relieve. The annual masquerade is just primitive and childish enough to delight them. It is their show.

The distress in Colon is real* and it is only natural that Father Cooper, who can not pass by on the other side and has the most pitiful cases constantly before his eyes, should wish to do something about it, almost anything. But charity can accomplish little.

If all the destitute old people in Colon were pensioned tomorrow, and all the children were fed and sent to school, in a very few years conditions would again be as bad as they are today.

It is only too obvious that the trouble with Colon, as with the West Indies and many other tropical countries, is overpopulation, and there is no permanent cure for this but a reduction of the birth rate. Too many children are born to people who can not feed them, and with modern sanitation too many of them survive. There are already more men than jobs, and the excess grows from day to day.

It is true that there are vacant lands in this part of the world which could be made to maintain millions, but city born people do not want to live on the land, and

nothing short of starvation will force them away from the pavements and the electric lights.

Even if the surplus population of Colon could be spread over the unoccupied jungles, the relief would be only temporary; for no country can support indefinitely an excessive birth rate. It leads inevitably to overpopulation, the lowest standard of living and eventual famine.

If the people of Colon or of any other community continue to have as many children as nature will allow, they will have little else, and all attempts to improve their condition are futile.

To be flippant with a brother satirist, what we need is a birth control law, and, if it is to benefit the present generation, it should be made retroactive.

CIVILIZING THE INDIANS

WHILE it is generally understood that language has for its principal object the concealment of thought and that candor is a purely theoretical conception like the geometrical point or political equality, the discrepancy between phrases and facts is often astounding.

When, for instance, it is said that "the Carti Indians have always refused to receive the benefits of civilization offered by the Panama government," any attitude is possible except that of uncritical acceptance.

Civilization of the modern western European and American type is no longer regarded by intelligent men with unmixed admiration. It has enormously increased the wealth and power of those nations which have adopted it, but whether it has added to the sum total of human happiness is open to question. Certain of its manifestations, such as world wars, plutocracy, political corruption, bureaucracy, oppressive taxation, infringements on personal liberty, the wage system, the sweat shop, alcoholism, prostitution and unemployment, are alarming, to say the least.

An Indian philosopher might reasonably reject civilization in toto on purely theoretical grounds, and if he were familiar with its usual effects on other tribes of his own race from Alaska to Patagonia and from the days of Columbus to modern times, he would certainly of free choice have nothing to do with it.

To the best of my knowledge and belief no single instance can be cited where contact with civilization has brought to the Indians anything but loss and degradation. When they have survived at all it has been only as hewers of wood and drawers of water for alien taskmasters.

At its best civilization has little to offer the Indians, and where civilization means scarcely more than the tax

collector and policeman with arbitrary powers of interference and subject apparently to no effective control, the Carti or other Indians should be excused if they respectfully decline its benefits.

Ultimately, I suppose, they will have to swallow the dose, but let us not be so hypocrital as to pretend that they ought to like it.

IN THE ARMY SILENCE IS GOLDEN

IT is too bad that Brigadier General Mitchell has lost his job as Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service. He was a bright young fellow, but there is no doubt that he talked too much. It simply doesn't do to talk in the Army. It's scarcely safe to think.

I recognized this immediately when I enlisted to defend King George against all his enemies, and if his Majesty is a truthful man he will admit that he never got any back talk from me. Garrulous as I am by nature, from October 1916 to February 1919 I never once yawped.

A man who will keep his mouth shut in the Army can evade a lot of archaic nonsense and live almost as rationally as if he were a civilian. Here is an example:

Once in England they sent me to one of those schools which helped to win the war by teaching the more intricate phases of parade ground hokum. The sergeant major who was attempting to train me for a Buckingham Palace guard mount had made one of the most important military discoveries of the age. He had noted that the butt plate of a Lee-Enfield rifle is made of brass; ergo it must be polished daily. It had never before occurred to anyone to polish the butt plate of a rifle, possibly because it is grounded in the mud a hundred times a day. But this fellow was a real soldier. Brass is brass, and he knew that it exists to be polished.

Now when the sergeant major first told me that in addition to 167 other pieces of brass on my uniform and equipment I must polish the butt plate of a rifle my natural inclination was to say: "You futile old turkey cock, speaking of brass, let's get down to brass tacks and cut out waste motion. You may not have heard of it, but there's a war on. For the love of Mike, let's polish the bore of this rifle and trust the butt to take care of itself." That would have been a perfectly logical rejoinder, but

AND YOU SYE YOU'VE POLISHED YOUR BLINKIN BUTT PLYTE, EH, WOT? —— AND YOU COME FROM THE LAND OF GAWGE WASHINGTON, MY BALLY WORD HOW SINGULAR!
YES, SERGEANT MAJOR!

untimely. What I really said was: "Yes, sergeant major."

But I did not polish that butt, and I had no intention of polishing it. The next day on parade the s. m. asked me if I had done so, and I said: "No, sergeant major." "Why the hell didn't you?" he asked, or words to that effect, and I countered with the first meek and plausible excuse that came into my head.

This was repeated for three or four days, and finally I was paraded before the O. C. The proceedings were brief of course, the prosecution and the court doing all the talking, as prescribed by the Articles of War, but I never intimated by word or look that I had any theoretical objection to the polishing of butt plates. My crime was apparently no worse than negligence, and I escaped with a reprimand and a warning.

The next morning the s. m. made his customary inquiry as to whether I had polished my butt plate. "Yes, sergeant major," I said. As a matter of fact I had not. He looked at me, and I looked at him. In his heart he knew that I was lying, and I knew that he knew, and he knew that I knew that he knew, but there was nothing he could do about it. After a man has ordered arms once or twice, it is impossible to tell whether he has polished his butt plate. The damned thing gets polished more or less by friction with the ground. I remained at that school for two weeks, and swelp me god, as John Hart would say, I never once touched my butt plate with a polishing rag.

By following this system of doing what I considered reasonable but keeping my mouth shut I served two and a half years without getting into klink, and when I went home King George wrote me a nice little note, with his facsmile signature neatly printed at the bottom thanking me for my valuable assistance in beating up his cousin William.

If Brigadier General Mitchell only understood soldiering as well as I do, he would be sitting pretty today, instead of losing a good job. He talks too much, that's the trouble. There is even some reason to suspect that he thinks.

DRUGS

FROM Paris to Panama and from Nagasaki to New York the use of stimulating drugs is becoming daily more common. Prohibitive legislation and the activity of the police have proved measurably futile, as is almost invariably the case when an attempt is made to restrain by law even a perverted human appetite.

The spread of this vice can be attributed to one fundamental cause, the burden of the actual, from which all men at one time or another seek to escape.

An overwhelming majority of mankind has always considered life an evil. The Christian religion is based on the theory that this world is a "wilderness and a vale of tears" and that all our hopes should be centered on a hypothetical life to come. The sceptics have confined their doubts to this hypothesis of a happier life after death. They do not deny that our present state is intolerable and that "man is born to sorrow, as the sparks fly up ward." This fundamental Christian doctrine of the worthlessness of mundane existence could not have gained such wide acceptance if it had not seemed to be perfectly obvious.

When we are convinced that the most fortunate can never attain lasting contentment and that the evil in life outweighs the good, is it to be wondered that the weak, the sickly and the disinherited should resort to any expedient that promises temporary forgetfulness? There are many such. Drugs are merely the crudest and the most immediately effective.

The real cause for wonder is that through the centuries men have endured so much with so little effort to escape, and that the race did not perish long ago through universal suicide. If the mysterious and illogical instinct

of self-preservation were not more potent than reason human history would soon come to an end.

The use of drugs ought undoubtedly to be restricted, but it is well to understand that at the bottom of all these perversions is a disease for which there is no cure, the disease of life.

MORAL DRILL SERGEANTS

I PUBLISH elsewhere on this page an anonymous contribution on the subject of betting. The writer's argument is that betting is inconsistent with clean sport, and that it should be prohibited.

Now, gambling happens to be one of the few vices to which I am not addicted, and on the old Hudibrastic system of compounding those sins we are inclined to by damning those we have no mind to, I might easily line up with my unknown correspondent. But I do not like his remedy. Prohibition in any form is distasteful to me, although it is a measure that appeals irresistibly to minds of a certain type, and has been often advocated and sometimes applied.

Some men get drunk and in that state they are troublesome and dangerous, ergo prohibit alcohol. Firearms are occasionally used to commit murder, so prohibit firearms. Newspapers and books contain matter that is seditious or immoral; this can be prevented by a censorship. Sex is at the bottom of more than half of the trouble in the world, so why not prohibit sex? It has been attempted. Monasticism and religious celibacy are simply efforts to legislate this disturbing element out of existence.

To carry this thing to its logical conclusion, I suggest that since man is a poor worm tainted with original sin and apparently incapable of any radical improvement, it might be a good idea to prohibit humanity. By proceeding along these lines we can ultimately reduce the world to a thoroughly sterilized globe, upon which nothing of an objectionable nature can happen. But life will then be extinct.

That is a noble ideal, and even alluring, but until it can be attained I prefer that men should retain their liberty to drink, risk their money and their lives, and

make love as the spirit moves them, but exercise these privileges, if possible, like gentlemen.

If that amount of self-control is beyond them, which it probably is, I would still prefer to see my contemporaries and brothers go to the devil in freedom than be paraded into heaven under duress and compulsion by a gang of moral drill sergeants.

THE REWARDS OF CHAMPIONS

ON the occasion of a brutal exhibition like last night's encounter between Mr. Firpo and Mr. Wills the editorial writers, being under the painful necessity of grinding out copy every day, whether they have anything to say or not, are prone to moralize sourly on the size of the purse and suggest that two low-brows with nothing but a punch and tough hides are not entitled to all that money.

They overlook the crucial fact that the boxers in question are world beaters in their particular line, and that even on purely moral grounds it is desirable that conspicuous ability of any sort should be rewarded.

At any rate, and fortunately, headliners do get the big money, and not only in the ring. Odious comparisons are sometimes drawn between pugs and college professors, but if there is such a thing as a world's champion professor of epizootics or doxology, it is a safe bet that his pay check will buy gas for the old tin Lizzie. If he is unable to meet his alimony and other expenses, it is because he does not value money and not that he can not command it.

The same rule will apply to any man who can beat the world at his own particular game, whether it is preaching, plumbing, pill rolling, panhandling or petty larceny. He can get his, provided he wants it.

A reasonable man will not worry because a lad who can do something really well gets paid for it. He will save his moral indignation for the fourflushers who pretend that they are good, and strut and pose in the limelight, until they are called, whereupon they blow up with a long noise and slide into the discard.

The world is full of specimens of this breed, fellows who by chance or intrigue crawl into jobs which they are not competent to fill, and then try with varying success

to bluff it out. They are especially numerous in our own great moral country, the paradise of charlatans and false alarms, where we now have one conspicuous example in a gentleman—in a gentleman whose name for prudential reasons I had better not mention.

As to Mr. Firpo and Mr. Wills, if they can collect a few hundred thousand dollars for mauling each other for ten seconds or three-quarters of an hour, I maintain that they are entitled to it. Personally, I would not care to meet either of them in the ring for twice the money.

UNIFORMS AND ROOKIES

KIPLING has something to say to the effect that.

"Making mock of uniforms that guard you while you sleep
Is cheaper than those uniforms, and they're starvation cheap."

I was reminded yesterday of these lines when from a chair in front of John Hart's second-hand furniture emporium I observed the various groups of recruits from a transport at Balboa who had been turned loose for a few hours to stretch their legs on shore.

Of all the wretched, sloppy, ill fitting hand-me-downs the tropical uniform issued to enlisted men in the United States Army is easily the worst. A self-respecting beachcomber would be ashamed to wear it. I do not know what the Army pays for these rags, but, whatever it is, it is too much, and if there is not graft in the contract, then all signs fail.

In Panama we seldom see this issue uniform. Before coming to town the boys contrive somehow to buy themselves a few yards of decent cloth and have a tailor make them something they can wear without humiliation. They also buy dress shoes and puttees that can be wound about the ordinary human leg without making it look like a Chinese pagoda. At the very least they have the issue suit of cheap cotton duck remade to fit them. Although this must cost them considerably more than a month's pay, they have too much pride to exhibit themselves in the clothes which Uncle Sam allows them.

To tell the truth, yesterday's recruits were no more preposessing than their clothes. They did not look like Americans at all. Most of them appeared to be either of European peasant stock or the more unfortunate children of the Ghetto. Dull, slouching, gangling, awkward, muddy complected fellows, they might all have stepped

out of Salvation Army lodging houses or have been picked up on park benches. This is just as well; for men of that type may really derive some benefit from military training and leave the service less oafish and heavy-witted than when they enlisted. Certainly they have nothing to lose.

STILL HARPING ON THE ARMY

WE had an embryo major-general down at the house last Saturday night, to whom the Hon. Joseph Wynne, being first duly stimulated, delivered a brief harangue on organized labor, lasting not more than two hours and a half and terminating in a vitriolic denunciation of the Army. The Army, said Joseph, is a mere nuisance and quite unnecessary; all the country needs is the F. E. U., which can be converted in fifteen minutes into a military force.

While I hesitate to take issue with the People's Friend and mine, I can not go quite so far as that. The idea of the Hon. Joseph leading the embattled inksmiths to repel a Japanese invasion, with Brother George Halloran as adjutant and Brother L. L. Gilkey as second in command, does not inspire me with that confidence in the success of our arms which I would like to feel.

His estimate that a civilian can be converted into a soldier in fifteen minutes is, I think, exaggerated. Mr. Bryan held similar views in 1916, but they are no longer generally entertained even in the alfalfa belt. It is possible, I believe, to take one thousand men who are physically sound and after three months' intensive training under competent instructors put them in the field as an infantry battalion, there to learn the real business of war. One year later three-quarters of those who survive may be passably good soldiers, or say two hundred at a liberal estimate.

In the last analysis good soldiers, like poets, are not made but born. Moreover there is no way of determining in advance of actual performance in the face of the enemy whether a man will make a good soldier or not. In my brief experience of warfare I noted that men who were most formidable on the parade ground were of little use in the trenches, and that others who gravitated naturally to the guardhouse and disciplinary fatigues

FORWARD ME BRAVE LADS !!
INK

behind the lines easily acquired stripes and medals at the front. Large, husky roustabouts frequently went to pieces, when puny cripples who should have been rejected as physically unfit could be counted on to do their bit and a little more.

I think it is Jan Hay who in "The First Hundred Thousand" mentions the theory that any man with a loud voice and a cake of soap can be made into a sergeant. So he could in a training camp where an imposing presence and 'smartness" seemed of first importance, but when the whizz-bangs began to whizz and Jerry came raiding at four o'clock in the morning it was frequently an entirely different type of man who rose to the occasion.

One of the last things that was learned in the British Army, if in fact it was ever learned at all, was the obvious difference between a guard mount soldier and a fighting man. In camp or in time of peace the most useful quality a young recruit can have, if he wants to be happy and prosper, is docility. At the front this virtue is of doubtful value. The real essentials are three, the first being guts, the second more guts, and the last and most important more guts still. There may be cases where docility and guts are combined under one skin, but I have never known one.

I have no quarrel with the Army as such, but I do not like either its traditions or its methods. These derive from the old idea that there are two classes of men in the world, rulers and ruled, the gentry and the peasantry, aristocrats and plebeians, superiors and inferiors, men who are entitled by birth to command and those who are only fit to take orders. We carry this idea to greater lengths than even the British from whom we borrowed it one hundred and fifty years ago. For instance, I understand that it is a rule with us that a private in addressing an officer must use neither the first nor the second person but only the third, as: "Sir Private Jones does not understand. Will the Captain please repeat his order," now this is as artificial and ridiculous as the goose step. If there is any such imbecile regulation

in the British Army, I failed to hear of it in two and a half year's service.

Admittedly in a military organization some one must command, and others must obey. Orders must be executed at once and without argument or demur. There must be discipline in other words. However, this result can be obtained without any of the eighteenth century nonsense which survives in our Army and without destroying the self-respect of the men by reducing them to the level of flunkeys.

To tell the truth, I was not at all impressed by Army discipline. It was all on the surface, a matter of form rather than reality. Some years before I had known real discipline. There was more discipline on the Panama Canal in the days of George the Great than in all the armies in France. Every man had his place and knew it, he had his work and did it, and when he received an order he obeyed it on the double. And yet, within the limits of a final despotic control, there was never a more democratic organization in the world. Every man, from the youngest water boy to the division engineer, who had an idea was free to submit it, and if he had a legitimate grievance he could count on a hearing and a remedy. There was no suppression, no distinctions other than those that were natural and necessary, no damned nonsense at all, but mobility, efficiency and esprit de corps that have never been excelled.

If our Army could be debunked, stripped of its obsolete flubdub, and reorganized on rational and democratic lines, I would be the first to vote for universal military service. Under those conditions this would be a good thing for the country and a still better thing for the Army itself, which now suffers from being an irksome and poorly paid trade with few attractions for intelligent young men. When there is another war, as there will be, all will have to fight, and it is logical that all should be trained. But while the Army remains what it is I would keep it as small as possible.

The chief sufferers under the present system are the junior officers, who must try to make something out of very poor material in the ranks, prepare themselves

conscientiously for an ultimate emergency which may never arise, and at the same time submit in silence to the nagging of the fussy old gentlemen who under our system of promotion by seniority rule the service. It is only these latter who can change anything, and they do not arrive at positions of authority until they are at an age when they are averse to change of any kind. Even the adoption of a sensible style of uniform coat is an innovation of which they are quite incapable.

The Army will never be reformed from within, but some day it may be from without. In the meantime we must make the best of it. It is ridiculous and archaic, but the Hon. Joseph is wrong when he says that it is unnecessary. We need it badly enough. The trouble is that in its methods of handling men it is a flintlock when it ought to be a Lee-Enfield.

THE UNFORTUNATE DEARTH OF PICTURESQUE VICE

THE January number of "Success" contains a story, introduced by a perfervid editorial blurb, called "The Godless City" by one Eric Walrond, who says that he was born in 1898 at Georgetown, British Guiana, grew up on the Isthmus of Panama, and did his first writing as a reporter on the "Star and Herald."

The tale is based on the Colon fire of 1915. Gerald Martin's favorite village is represented as a lurid Sodom, a sinkhole of rum, lust and voodoo, lying under the curse of God and doomed to destruction for its sins at least once in every decade.

Mr. Walrond describes how this reeking conglomeration of bars and brothels was swept clean by fire from heaven, the Barrio Rojo and all its inmates perishing in the flames.

As a historical narrative the story lacks accuracy, but as frenzied fiction it has certain merits. It will appeal to the anaemic readers of two-bit magazines, who take their adventure by proxy but highly seasoned.

I only fear that it may hurt the tourist trade. Respectable citizens of Keokuk and Grand Rapids, who read this sort of thing and are lured to Colon, expecting to find the most picturesque and thrilling depravity, will be bitterly disappointed by the pale vices of Bottle Alley, and accuse us of fake advertising. I do not know what we can do about it, but perhaps Gerald and the Rotarians may suggest a way out.

To tell the truth, our efforts at making Panama and Colon wide open towns were never very successful. There was a time some ten or fifteen years ago when I took seriously the boast that Coco Grove was the wickedest twenty acres in the world and derived a genuine civic pride from this conviction. But that was mere provincialism. The most casual aquaintance with Leicester Square

and Shaftsbury Avenue in London, Sanct Pauli in Hamburg and the Place de Mer in Antwerp convinced me of my error. Of Paris I will say nothing at all, for I have not been there in recent years.

Our wickedness at its best was only a shoddy imitation. General Blatchford no doubt meant it kindly when he compared us to Sodom and Gomorra, but there is reason to believe that the dear old man was in his dotage and no longer a competent judge. At any rate the compliment was undeserved.

No, gentle reader, we must face the fact, and admit, however reluctantly, that we can not rightly claim to be numbered among the world's wicked cities. In that game any third rate seaport in Europe can give us cards and spades and little casino, and beat us without an effort.

It is too bad. Even a very little picturesque and spontaneous vice would be of use to us and attract the festive stranger to our gates. But there is no use kidding ourselves. It isn't there.

THE TENDER PASSION

WHEN I was a soldier of the King in Canada, bloody, bold and resolute, attired in Scotch kilts and walking a sentry's beat at two o'clock in the morning, with the temperature at ten degrees above zero, I resorted to various stratagems to make two hours seem less like all eternity. One of the most successful was a methodical and leisurely review of all the women with whom I had ever been in love.

I would begin with a chunky little girl whom I knew for two weeks in Berlin during the Christmas holidays of 1894. Probably in all my life I have never been so acutely unhappy as when this first romance was interrupted by my return to boarding school. There are no sorrows like those of childhood and adolescence. We are tender then, and have not learned how very little anything matters.

After this experience and between my fourteenth and eighteenth years I can remember at least five young flappers, who one after the other appeared to occupy the center of the universe.

Then came my college days, marked by two terrific brainstorms, one of them for a little Irish girl who contracted tuberculosis and died opportunely while I still thought her as wonderful as Helen or Cleopatra.

And so it has continued from year to year, one figure succeeding another, each supremely important at the time, and now scarcely a memory.

To think of old loves is like reading an old diary. One's first thought is: How could I possibly have been such a fool? But however ridiculous a dead passion may appear in retrospect, it is really nothing to be ashamed of, for it is a thing quite beyond our control, a mental disease from which very few are immune. A man in love is a man insane and subject to unaccountable delusions.

WALSH

Luckily the malady is of short duration, and as a rule each successive attack is milder than the preceding one. In youth love causes intense suffering and is often fatal, but at my age, when I feel the symptoms coming on, I have the comfortable assurance, that I will merely behave irrationally for a week or two, become unduly irritable, perhaps experience a mild attack of insomnia, and then recover my mental equilibrium. Love has become as unimportant as any other experience in a futile existence.

But what I wished to suggest, gentle reader is this. If you are ever condemned to some such purely mechanical and useless performance as a sentry go in a training camp, and are at a loss for some expedient to make the leaden hours pass quickly, try this plan of reviewing your sentimental adventures. You will find that it serves admirably.

CONSOLING FICTIONS

OF all the strange devices of Homo Sapiense none are so comical and so pathetic as the transparent fictions which he invents to allay his terrors and gratify his vanity.

Nothing is more obvious than that the universe into which man is mysteriously thrust is hostile, and that his ultimate destruction is assured. This truth is too terrible to face, and so he vainly postulates an omnipotent and friendly god, who will protect him and see that he comes to no harm. The endeavor to reconcile the theoretical benevolence of this deity with the blind disasters of human life has addled the pates of countless theologians.

The next hypothesis, lacking in all plausibility, is that man, a feeble, lewd, cowardly fellow, is created in the image of this omnipotent and omniscient god, and is himself in part divine. In an individual this delusion would be ascribed to dementia praecox and lead to a straight jacket and a padded cell, but the race can be mad with impunity.

Outside the realm of mathematics no truth is so thoroughly demonstrated as that all living things must die. But Homo Sapiens, poor worm, fears death, and vainly imagines an exception for his benefit to a universal rule. He has a soul, he thinks, which is immortal.

Some pre-war diplomat is credited with the epigram that if the Austrian Empire did not exist it would be necessary to invent it. It is thus with these conceptions of a benevolent god, human dignity and personal immortality. They are inventions to satisfy a strong desire. But like the Austrian Empire, when tested, they collapse.

Still another fiction has to do with sin and absolution. All men are tortured by a conviction of sin. They have done those things which they ought not to have done and left undone those things which they ought to have done, and there is no health in them. They grow

unutterably weary of their own filthiness, cruelty, greed treachery and abysmal folly. They are appalled by their mistakes and by their crimes. Again the theologian comes to the rescue, and promises that through some vicarious sacrifice, some mysterious atonement, their sins will be forgiven. They are only too eager to believe.

Let them, if they can, but in truth there is no escape from damnation.

"The moving finger writes, and having writ,
Nor all your piety or wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a line of it."

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF A SHIP'S DOCTOR

ONE day I woke up in Antwerp, feeling very badly indeed, and looking across the room I saw my friend the doctor from the S. S. "Irishman," with whom I had shared various adventures the night before.

"Doc," I croaked, "what time is it?"

"I don't know," he replied, "but it looks like half past afternoon."

"Yes," I said, "but it feels like a quarter to supper."

Subsequently we redeemed our watches, which we had hocked with Pierre, the headwaiter, towards the fag end of the evening as security for a little bill; but in the meantime the doctor told me the story of his life.

"When I graduated from Johns Hopkins," he said, "I hung out my shingle in a little town in Kansas. I did not do any business; they did not think much of young doctors out there; but one day the Methodist parson got reckless and called me in. 'Doctor', he said 'I have a bellyache here in my right side.' 'Like hell you have', I said. 'What you've got is appendicitis'. 'In that case', said the parson, 'perhaps we had better send to Kansas City for a surgeon'. 'You're wrong again,' I said. 'If there is any operating to be done, I am the lad to do it. That's what I'm here for'.

"I operated on him, and three days later the poor fish died. When they buried him they called it my funeral.

"Business had been bad enough before, but after that it was rotten. Nobody came near me. Finally a fellow who could not get anybody else called me in on an obstetrical case. The woman had been delivered before I got there, but this hick wanted me to tell him whether everything was all right. I started to look her over, but he stopped me. 'You can't do that', he said. 'Not to my wife.' I found that he expected me to examine her through two blankets and a sheet. So I told him that she

was all right as far as I could see, but blood poisoning set in and she died."

Beyond this point I am unable to quote the doctor verbatim, but it appears that a month later he had a third patient, who also promptly made a job for the undertaker.

"What did you do then, doc?" I asked him. "Jump the next freight train going west?"

"No," he said, "I did not do that, but I sat down and wrote a letter to the Guggenheims, asking them if they could not use a bright young physician who was wasting his time in private practice. They offered me a job at one hundred dollars a month, and that looked to me like all the money in the world. I was with them for fifteen years, first in Colorado and then in Mexico.

"I was in Mexico when Pancho Villa started his revolution. One day Villa sent his aide-de-camp to me, who said: 'The general presents his compliments and says that he will give you twenty-four hours to leave the town.' 'Young man,' I said, 'you present my compliments to the general and say that I will not need nearly that much time.'

"I lit out in a hurry for New York and landed there with exactly fifty-cents. The first job offered me was on a steamboat, and I have been a steamboat doctor ever since."

ANNUAL MANOEUVERS

THIS is a terrible war that is raging now in and about our village, although it hardly seems natural when the troops are not lousy. Red bugs and ticks are only a poor substitute for the soldier's closest friend.

For military reasons the exact location of the front line can not be divulged, but the reserves since pay day have been massed around the Ancon Inn, Mitchell's and other strategic points. On Thursday I met three gallant sergeants at Duran's, who assured me they would defend Panama to the last bottle.

The town is poorly designed to withstand a bombardment. Except for my own subterranean bungalow it has no cellars. If things get really hot I suppose the Army will take that away from me for G. H. Q.

There was a preliminary gas attack early in the week when Paul Vecker presented his monthly bills.

Charley Cantor was heard yesterday to express the unpatriotic hope that the town might be captured and occupied, preferably by the Navy.

It is certainly fortunate that these wars always break out in the dry season. A November campaign here would be a sad, messy affair. The privates would be "up to their necks in mud" as per schedule and even general officers would be exposed to certain inconveniences.

Consider, for instance, the hardships endured by General Harbord during the late war in France. Just as he had arranged for "a week's shopping" in Paris and a few dinners at the Ritz with his friend Charley Dawes they sent him to command a division at the front. Naturally he was vexed. He admits as much in his diary published in "The Saturday Evening Post."

Comrade Stevenson and I were discussing this the other night, and it appeared by a strange coincidence that he and I had been annoyed in much the same way as General Harbord. Almost every time we planned a

SIR, THE GENERAL IS WANTED AT THE FRONT!
A'RIGHT, OLD HARD BOILED, SURE I'LL GET OUT O'TOWN- BUT LISTEN, COOTIE, DON'T FORGET WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER TO LOOK ME UP IN PANAMA AND LET ME SHOW YOU THE SIGHTS AND THEN DROWN YER UGLY MUG IN THE CANAL!!
BUT HELLEN MARIA! DON'T YOU SEE THE GENERAL IS SHOPPING?
C'EST LE GUERRE, MI SOO GENERAL!
CAFE' CHAUVE SOURIS
WELL GET GOIN'!!
MP
WALSH

little trip to Paris something interfered. Usually it was the military police.

There are other good things in the General's diary; for example, his reaction to contact with the French high command, a compound of irritation and amusement. That is exactly the way that military men affect me.

Undoubtedly this is a terrible war, but at least it promises to be a short one.

HOMO SAPIENS AS A PREDATORY ANIMAL

AS you have doubtless observed, most gentle and intelligent reader, one of Homo Sapiens' most curious instincts is that which impels him to cherish ridiculous and transparent illusions concerning his own qualities. In reality he is such a revolting animal that if he regarded himself for even a brief space with clear, impartial eyes, he would lose his self conceit, become utterly discouraged, and perhaps, abandon the futile business of breeding new generations to succeed the old. Consequently he invents the absurd hypothesis that he is a noble, generous and benevolent fellow, striving towards the light, capable of infinite improvement and endowed with an immortal soul.

In reality there is nothing so obvious concerning man as that he is by nature a beast of prey, predatory and voracious. If it were otherwise, he would never have conquered a world which belongs ultimately to those with the sharpest teeth, the longest claws and the most insatiable appetites.

He differs from the tiger in that the striped prowler of the jungle devours the grass eaters only. Man, however, is a cannibal by preference and preys upon his own kind.

White men grow fat upon the blood of black men and yellow; Frenchmen greedly devour Germans, just as Germans devoured Frenchmen a few years ago and will devour them again a few years hence; plutocrats suck the marrow from the bones of the poor. It has ever been thus and thus it will remain until the race sinks again into the slime from which it arose.

Every man is either an exploiter or exploited, and usually he is both. If he is wholly a victim and has victimized no one himself, it is from congenital weakness or lack of oportunity. His fundamental instincts are the same as those of all other men. Sweaters are constantly

recruited from the sweated and oppressors from the oppressed. Put a beggar on horseback and none will ride so proudly as he.

In a world so constituted those who succeed, as we account success, and surviving transmit their qualities to posterity, are those who are most savage and unscrupulous, the human sharks and tigers, with voracious appetites and no bowels of compassion. After them come the jackals, crows and vultures, slinking creatures who are not fastidious as to their food.

Show me a nation that is proud and rich, and I will show you a history of organized robbery and oppression. Point out any great figure in this world, and with rare exceptions I will show you a successful rogue.

Now all this is commonly veiled by smug pretenses and comfortable hypocrisies, and from age to age methods and modes of procedure vary. In the dark ages a strong man built himself a castle on a hill, robbed travellers and his neighbors, and covered his naked villainy with a cloak of chivalry and romance. Today he acomplishes the same ends with a steel mill or a real estate speculation, and joins the Rotary Club. But at bottom there is no difference. He is still a pious highwayman.

Those who attempt to change all this are fighting windmills. It is bred in the bone, our heritage from a million past years. We can not mend it, but for the love of honesty and truth we can admit it, and abandon illusions which are now grown so thin that not even children and the feeble-minded are deceived.

DETERIORATION OF NORDIC BLONDS IN THE TROPICS

A MILITARY gentleman now serving on the Isthmus considers in an article contributed to a service magazine whether officers can remain here for three years without physical and mental deterioration. He appears to think that with eternal vigilance they can, but that there is a grave risk that they will degenerate into beachcombers.

This question is one in which I am deeply interested. I myself have passed far beyond the beachcomber stage, and am rapidly approaching the condition of the sloth, who must think at least twice before he moves, and is too tired to think. However, I do not know whether to attibrute this entirely to the climate or in part to a misspent life.

Some of my contemporaries on the Canal take indignant exception to my theory that all oldtimers are afflicted with senile decay, and that it would be a humane act to weight them with scrap iron and push them off the end of Pier 18. Bugs Parmelee, for instance, alleges that he is as good as he ever was, and C. A. McIlvaine, who was present when we discussed the question, appears to labor under a like delusion. I admit that they are at least noble ruins, and that they can occupy a swivel chair with dignity and decorum, but if they believe that they could still hold a job under George the Great and keep the pace of 1904-14, they are sadly mistaken. Luckily for them they do not have to. The work has been done. What remains is an easy and leisurely routine.

Resistance to the debilitating effects of a tropical environment varies in different men. There are a few who show no more than normal deterioration, but most of us are like old pugs, who have lost their punch, but still manage to get by with trickery and guile. There are hundreds of course who have gone completely under. It

should be remembered that we do not permit our cripples to annoy us by starving under our eyes. We banish them.

The time is coming, if it is not already here, when it will be appearent to all that Gorgas' comfortable theory that the tropics could be made safe for nordic blonds is pure bunk. We no longer die quickly of yellow fever, malaria and bubonic plague, but we slowly decay. Our years will be few, but on the whole we contrive to make them pleasant. Who wants to live forever?

WAR AS A MEANS OF PROLONGING LIFE

WHAT very gallant soldier General Manslaughter, disapproves of me and of my writings; he has suggested more than once that I should be deported or prosecuted under the Espionage Act; but our personal relations on the rare occasions when we meet are perfectly amicable. Indeed, we have several traits in common, including a marked liking for other people's whiskey. When I encountered him yesterday the General was positively cordial.

"I never expected," he said, "to read anything sensible in that rag which pays you to corrupt the young, but this morning there was one paragraph in your paper that really deserved to be published. Of course it was none of your own nauseating balderdash. It was part of an Associated Press dispatch from the convention of Life Insurance Presidents in New York. Here it is. Let me read it to you."

After some fumbling with his eyeglasses the General proceeded to read the following bit of boiler plate:

"The experience of one of the great life insurance companies in Germany during the Great War showed a mortality, inclusive of war losses, 12 per cent better than during the years of peace, 1902 to 1913. In the opinion of experts, this was the result of a restriction in diet, limitation in the consumption of alcoholic beverages and the large amount of exercise which the Germans of the insuring classes had to take."

"Now, if I had said that," continued the General, "or if it had been published by our own War College, you pacifists and pinks would have called it military propaganda, but since it comes out of Germany, perhaps you will condescend to give it serious consideration. It's plain enough. War, instead of being destructive of human life, as you fellows are always shouting, actually prolongs man's span of years. That may suprise you, but

there is no getting around those German statistics. It is no surprise to me. I never felt better in my life than when I was in France, and I can say the same for every man on my staff. They were in the pink always, except for one or two young fools who were careless in Paris. I admit that you can't have a war without casualties, but the greatest good of the greatest number is the thing to be considered. If we can add several years to the general expectation of life by compelling civilians to quit guzzling meat and sugar and by organizing them for good, wholesome war work under proper military supervision, why all this sentimental caterwauling over a few casualties at the front? Limitation in the consumption of alcoholic beverages is a different matter; personally I am opposed to it; but I am not hidebound, and as a patriot and a good citizen I am prepared to concede that there may be an argument for Prohibition in the case of civilians and enlisted men.

"But the point to be emphasized is that war prolongs life. The last one made me feel ten years younger. If we can only have another one, I can reasonably expect to draw retired pay until I am a hundred. You radicals can say what you like. Baxter, but what this country needs and what the world needs is bigger and better wars."

COMRADE HINDENBURG

I HOPE that the American Legion will do the right thing and send Comrade Hindenburg a congratulatory cablegram on his election to the Presidency. World War veterans, like oldtimers, should hang together.

Comrade Hindenburg and I did not meet in France, but he sent me his regards daily per whiz-bang and nine-point-two. I felt a healthy respect for the old fellow. A slight accident in August, 1918, which resulted in two months' indisposition, prevented me from calling upon him in his famous line, but some of my little playmates of that period paid him this visit, and they told me afterwards that the warmth of their reception left nothing to be desired.

As an author Comrade Hindenburg disappointed me. I read his book, but it made so little impression that I can scarcely remember it. In style it resembled an annual report. However, nearly all war memoirs are dull. Even mine will be, when I write them.

As with other illustrious personages, Comrade Hindenburg's real character has been obscured by propaganda, and he has attained the status of a myth. It is difficult to judge him. I suggest, however, that he is an honest old man, singularly free from vanity and self-seeking ambition, who sincerely loves his country and has always done his duty as he saw it.

During the war we on the other side of No Man's Land were wont to sneer at old Hindenburg and his monumental wooden statue, into which every patriotic German drove a nail. We denied that he was an authentic hero, and invented the theory that he was helpless until Ludendorf told him what to do. But in the dark days of November, 1918, when Kaiser and Crown Prince, Ludendorf and Tirpitz were scurrying over the border to save their skins, it was Hindenburg who stayed with

COMPLIMENTS OF THE A.E.F.
SOCK!
GOTT MITT UNS
1918
OCH! DOT'S FINE, EH, VOT?!!
CONGRATULATORY CABLEGRAM FROM THE AMERICAN LEGION TO PRESIDENT HINDENBURG
1925
TO HOLLAND
WALSH

the shattered armies and led them home. We could not help but score that to his credit. As the years pass, and prejudice gives way to understanding, his reputation will grow, even among his former enemies.

It is too bad that his fellow citizens could not let him rest on his laurels and spend his few remaining years in peace. Even before 1914 he had been retired for age. He was recalled at the outbreak of war, and several Germany faithfully and well. Now in his old age he has been called again. He will do what he can to restore the prosperity and the prestige of the Fatherland, but it is a heartbreaking task, and the Field Marshall is old and tired. I fear that he will not long survive his election.

UNKNOWN TRIBES AND UNCHARTED SEAS

IN "Unknown Tribes and Uncharted Seas" (Duckworth & Co., 3 Henrietta St., London W. C.) Lady Richmond Brown covers approximately the same ground as Mr. Mitchell Hedges in "Battles with Giant Fish," except that, whereas "Midge" enlarges on the strange and scaly monsters of the deep, "Mabs" is more interested in those "unknown" tribes, the San Blas and Chucunaque Indians, Being accounts from different angles of the same expedition, the two stories naturally overlap.

When "Midge" and "Mabs" returned from the San Blas coast they brought with them a large and really interesting collection of Indian curios. "Midge" declared that these were gifts from the natives, but since it is not the custom of the San Blas Indians to part with their property except for value received, and the explorers were provided with ample funds, it was generally assumed about Panama that these gifts were really purchases. "Mabs" offers another explanation. She says that she and "Midge" represented themselves to be divine healers sent by the gods, and that they treated the Indians for skin diseases, hookworm, tuberculosis and smallpox, accepting in return such goods and chattels as their patients would part with. In other words they were running an itinerant medicine show and skinning the aborigines in much the same way that Sooner Jackson skins the bucolic peasantry of Iowa. Their sulphur ointment, permanganate of potash, iodine, ammonia and epsom salts may have been somewhat more efficacious than Professor Jackson's miraculous remedies, but "Midge" and "Mabs" were scarcely more competent than he to diagnose and cure, and like the Professor they were not inclined to linger too long in any one village.

You will find no hint in this book that the San Blas Indians regularly bring their coconuts to Colon and buy

their supplies there, that white traders have lived among them for twenty years and more, that a Panamanian police station has been established in their country, or that the enterprising Mr. Henry Grieser of the Bureau of Clubs and Playgrounds runs an excursion to the islands three or four time s a year for school teachers, boy scouts, campfire girls and other adventurous spirits.

On the other hand, "Mabs" relates that when "Midge" dispatched a shark with his rifle, the Indians, who had never seen firearms before, took to their heels in terror, and were then finally convinced that their visitors were supernatural beings.

After the bold explorers had spent a few weeks among the San Blas Indians their fame as divine healers reached the Chucunaque Indians on the mainland, who sent ambassadors to invite them to visit their country. This they reached after a journey of two days over the mountains. The Chucunaque language, we are told, is almost identical with the San Blas, which "Midge" had easily mastered, so that he was able to harangue the chief, his medicine men and the assembled populace after this style:

"Chief, head-men, come here. Stand before me and hear the command of the Great Spirits with whom we have spoken. At the first hour of darkness you will assemble together, every man, woman and child that can walk; the sick must be carried. You, together with the contoolie (medicine men) and head-men, must stand in front of the people in the open space facing our dwelling, and then you will be shown the power, the might, and it may be, the wrath of the greatest of all great spirits. Fail to do this and know that your people will be utterly consumed in frightful fire, a fire that will rise from the ground, the fire of the mighty gods, against which no man can prevail."

This is all preliminary to an exhibition of red flares, with "Mabs" standing in the center as goddess of the flames, which reduces the Chucunaque to abject panic. One does not know whether to admire most the ingenuity, the eloquence or the linguistic skill of the extraordinary "Midge."

There is good internal evidence that this whole Chucunaque episode is invented and that the intrepid explorers never visited the Chucunaque country at all. The author says that before leaving the inland village of the Chucunaque she was photographed with the daughter of the chief. This photograph is reproduced in the book, and shows a sandy beach and the sea in the background. Obviously it was taken somewhere on the coast.

"Midge" and "Mabs" undoubtedly had some curious and unusual experiences, which were excellent material for a book, but neither can resist the temptation to exaggerate and embroider. They insist that they are explorers and discoverers, when as a matter of fact they did nothing and saw nothing that has not been done and seen by hundreds of white men before them. Their perils were largely imaginary.

Here is a sample that illustrates the method. Lady Brown says:

"The Minister of Finance, Dr. Eusebio Morales, strongly advised us to explore the Bayano River. This was an ambitious project, but we made up our minds to attempt it."

Now to explore the Bayano River to Jesus Maria, which is as far as the intrepid voyagers went, is about as ambitious a project as a trip to Coney Island and involves less risk than crossing Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street. As an adventure it ranks with a visit to an old maid aunt on a Sunday afternoon. And yet this simple holiday excursion is represented as a rash and perilous undertaking. "Mabs" says nothing of Charlie Wilson's farm, although she stopped there, she says nothing of the four Gringoes from Panama who were hunting there at the time and joined forces with them for a while, she says nothing about the various lumber companies that once operated saw mills on the Bayano. From her book you might imagine that she and "Midge" were alone in a virgin wilderness.

Knowing "Mabs" and "Midge," it is possible to translate their film title phrases into plain English and arrive at a fairly accurate idea of what really happened.

For instance, "Fate plays into our hands—I leave for the unknown," means simply, "We bought a good launch at a bargain and started for the San Blas Islands, which are unknown in London but familiar to all sorts of people in Colon." "A terrible journey" can be translated, "I was seasick all the way from Colon to Porto Bello." "We passed two nights of horror" is equivalent to, "It was difficult to sleep on account of the mosquitoes." "The terrifying malevolence of the silence" signifies, "We camped for a night on a small uninhabited island, where the stillness got on my nerves." "A desperate gamble to save the yacht" means, "The wind rose, and we ran for shelter." "My narrow escape from a ghastly death" is only "Mabs" way of saying that when she was wading in water up to her ankles she saw a shark close inshore, which could no more reach her than climb a tree, and probably would not have molested her in any case. There are very few authentic records of bathers or divers attacked by sharks in Panama Bay. On the other hand, a fireman who not long ago jumped overboard from an oil tanker off Punta Mala spent twenty-three hours in the water and was not even nibbled. Finally "Mabs" description of a storm off Melones, which is made to rival Conrad's "Typhoon" and bears the caption, "My insistent premonition of disaster—An impenetrable blue-black mass bore down upon us," might have been summarized by a less sensational author in the words, "We ran into a squall of wind and rain, got thoroughly drenched, and were half an hour late for dinner at the Hotel Aspinwall."

In other words, "Unknown Tribes and Uncharted Sas" is a hodge podge of fiction erected on an uncertain foundation of fact. As fiction it ranks with such moving picture thrillers as "The Perils of Pauline." As a narrative of exploration it is comparable with Dr. Cooks' story of his discovery of the North Pole.

EFFECTS OF FREE BEER ON THE JUDGEMENT

THE Hon. Joseph Wynne is spending the dry season with me in my cellar by the sad sea waves, and we have arranged that the aforesaid dry season shall be no drier than need be.

Last night for instance, we made a careful and conscientious effort to deal with that case of "Muenchener German Beer" acquired by honest blackmail from the Panama Brewing and Refrigerating Co.

There is not much conversation in the first four or five bottles of this stuff, but after the sixth I remarked:

"The Duke isn't such a bad fellow, Joe."

"Sure, he's a pretty good old Harp, John."

"His heart's in the right place."

"You said it. What do we care about his head?"

"Well, here's to him, Joe."

"Here's to him, John. Drink hearty."

If I remember rightly, we then discussed the plans of the M. T. C. to enliven the dull and monotonous existence of the honest working man by raising as much hell as possible; but after the ninth or tenth bottle I said to Joe:

"For a Limejuicer, Joe, old Dick Richardson has a lot of good points."

"I won't dispute it, John."

"He's a wonderful accountant. I remember when he was treasurer of the old University Club. He could always tell us to a cent how much money we lost last month."

"I'm not saying a word against him, John."

"He's a friend of John Hart, and any friend of John Hart is a friend of mine."

"Here's to him then."

"Here's to him. May he live long and prosper."

We then had a long argument about the best place to set up the guillotine when the Revolution has triumph-

ed and the Reds control Panama. Joe wanted it in the Bull Ring, while I voted for the Metropole patio on the ground that we could get better service there for the thirsty mob and the Committee of People's Commissars. But after the twelfth bottle I said:

"Joe, there's something I like about this fellow John Angerer, the Brewmaster."

"It isn't his beer, is it, John?"

"Maybe not that; but I like him just the same; he's a good fellow, Joe."

"Do you think we ought to drink his health?"

"I think we ought, Joe. Here's to him, anyhow. Hoch soll er leben".

"Drei mal hoch."

I do not remember what we talked about then, but it was something important like alimony, or delirium tremens, or the A. F. of L. Along towards the fag end of the evening I said to Joe:

"You know, Joe, I have tasted worse beer than this. I can't be positive where it was. It may have been in a wet canteen in Blighty during the war, or it may have been in Norfolk, Va., the first year after Prohibition. Rotten town, Norfolk. But honestly, Joe, when all is said and done, it's fairly decent beer. At least it tastes a lot better when you get it free. How about it, Joe?"

But this question was never answered; for the Hon. Joseph Wynne had fallen asleep in his chair.

THE MARTS OF TRADE

ON Saturday, gentle reader, I thought that rather than bore myself to death at Balboa Heights I would explore the busy marts of trade and discover how it is that these fellows without government jobs contrive to make a living.

Leaving my humble domicile at ten o'clock or thereabouts, I first strolled through the Panama market and watched the butchers butch and the hucksters huck. It seemed laborious and messy, and did not tempt me to abandon the honorable career of inksmith.

I next called on Messrs. McGinnis, Richardson and Angerer at the Balboa Brewery. Their graft is simple enough. Every time we pay ten cents for a glass of beer the Duke gets a cent, Dick and the Brewmaster split a cent between them, the stockholders get five cents, the Government collects three cents in taxes, and the odd two cents go for raw materials and operating expenses.

John Angerer gave me a brief account of his travels in Europe, and alleged that post-war Munich beer is poor stuff with hardly a kick to the barrel. After consuming a gallon or two of the Balboa variety I continued on my way.

Kent Gardiner was the next merchant prince on whom I called. He amasses his great wealth by trafficking in the deadly coffin nail or dope stick, which will be banned by an enlightened legislature as soon as the uplifters can get around to it. In the meantime Kent does not smoke them himself. He prefers cigars. Those he gave me were excellent.

I continued to the second hand furniture emporium of Mr. John Hart. There is no mystery about John's business. You have a chair for sale and ask him for a bid. Fifty cents, says John. The next day you want to buy a chair. The price is five dollars, and as that is a dollar less than the fellow across the street wants for a new

one, you pay it. The difference keeps John in whiskey, children and other luxuries, and since I help him drink the whiskey, the arrangement is perfectly satisfactory to me.

Mr. Johnny Stoffel next attracted my attention. Anybody can see through Johnny. He got his start by marrying a woman with brains, and it's a damned good idea to have them somewhere in the family, even if they are in your wife's name. As long as the good old rule holds that there is a sucker born every minute Mayme Lee will collect, and Johnny will never starve while Mayme keeps her health.

To conclude an eventful morning, I started out with Comrade Ike Rice to investigate one of those rum distilleries where they make seven-year-old in thirty minutes, thus confirming Kant's theory that time is a mere illusion of the senses.

But that is another story and must be deferred to a future occasion.

SAM HEALD, GOLFER

SOME people imagine that Col. Sam Heald is a simple, kindly soul, preoccupied with Pocahontas Plug and time stained anecdoctes; but for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the Heathen Chinee has nothing on Sam.

He has taken it into his head that he can beat me at golf. This is a preposterous delusion, but he clings to it in spite of reason and experience.

On Tuesday he arranged a match which he thought he could not possibly lose. I was to play with Bob Beverley, while for his own partner Sam had picked out none other than the redoubtable Red Koperski, a man credited with 76 for the course. Can you beat it? It was the most outrageous frame-up on record.

In addition to that, since I have no clubs, Sam found me a set. They were ancient and covered with rust, and did not fit me anyhow. He said that they belonged to Lyle Prather, but I know better. Mr. Prather is a gentleman, and he would not be seen with any such clubs as those. It would compromise him socially.

Now in spite of all this careful preparation, this "organization of victory," when the scores were totalled at the end of nine holes, Beverly and I had something like 413, while Sam and Red trailed along with 586. Those may not be the exact figures, but it was approximately like that.

Even then Sam tried to hornswoggle us. He wanted to score the match by holes, counting one point for best ball and one for aggregate. That was pretty foxy, for if Red Koperski could not show best ball on each one of the nine holes he would deserve to be shot at sunrise. Of course Bob and I would not agree to any such skulduggery as that. We insisted on medal score, and the conspiracy was defeated.

I have read somewhere that savages have difficulty

WALSH

in counting beyond ten, the number of fingers on their two hands. In this respect Sam is a typical savage. He can whale away in the rough for half an hour and never count more than ten. Even when you watch him closely he will try to deduct a twenty per cent discount for cash or to knock off a few strokes for the sake of symmetry and even figures.

No, gentle reader, do not imagine that there is anything simple about Sam. He is full of wiles and stratagems and as slippery as the Kentucky Kid.

ILLUSIONS

ILLUSIONS have provided the most powerful motives for human action, and the more ridiculous the illusion, the more compelling the motive. The early Spanish explorers traversed countless leagues of desert, mountain and tropical swamp in pursuit of such fabulous conceptions as El Dorado and the Fountain of Youth. The followers of the Prophet Mahomet overran Asia, Africa and half of Europe, because they were promised as reward a bawdy paradise which any Christian doctor of divinity will tell you has no existence either here or hereafter. As to the learned divine's own rival paradise, which has also been the object of incalculable toil and throat cutting, I will say nothing. There are good people hereabouts who still earnestly strive for it.

My point is simply this: If a man is to exert his full powers and persevere to the limits of endurance, he must believe firmly in some pleasing fiction. No one is going to sweat and suffer for what he can really get out of life. That game is plainly not worth the candle.

One of the commoner illusions which bind men to the treadmill in spite of weariness and hope deferred is the belief in the possibility of happiness. In youth it is nearly universal. A young man with any powers of observation must see that no one else is happy or ever has been happy, but he can not abandon the conviction that he himself through superior cleverness, good luck, or by great exertion can attain to unprecendented and complete felicity. Some are optimistic to the end, and others, while reluctantly adopting the saner view that there is no happiness in space or time, cling the more obstinately to the curious hypothesis of an elysium beyond the grave, to which they can attain by what they do or leave undone in life. They exert themselves more feverishly to win through to this theological mirage than those others

who strive only for the tangible prizes of wealth and power.

There are a very few, including you, gentle reader, and myself, who see life for what it is, a chaotic, unmoral and remorseless interplay of unknown forces, relieved only by certain elements of comedy. We decline to break our hearts by taking it seriously or to muddle our heads by attempting to solve its meaning. Probably it has none. As spectators we find it mildly amusing, and we endure its cruelties with what stoicism we can. Since our activity would be as futile as the racing of a squirrel in a cage, we exert ourselves as little as possible. This is the course of wisdom. If all men would follow it, the spectacle would soon come to an end, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

THE DECAY OF SNOBBERY

A lady of fashion who attended the inksmiths' ball at the Century Club on Saturday night in the expectation of seeing how the other half lives complained to me that there was nothing picturesquely proletarian about the affair, but that it was exactly like any other ball.

This criticism was fair, and it suggests a peculiarity of our village, i. e., that the Gringos here are strangely alike. There are no striking differences between a major general and a boilermaker, a barrister and a bartender, a high official and a low comedian. In dress, manners, morals, financial embarrassments and alcoholic proclivities they are all very much the same. This is so obvious that the attempt to draw social lines is made only by a few women of excessive leisure and limited intellect, and the art of snubbing has fallen very much into decay.

It was not always like this. I can remember the day when a greasy mechanic would have applied in vain for admission to the Tivoli Club, and the wife of a bureau chief found it quite impossible to associate with people who lived in four-family houses. Many a man was blackballed in the Old University Club for reasons which would now seem inadequate and irrelevant.

It appears to me that even in the Army snobbery does not flourish as it once did. Perhaps officers and their wives still take advantage of rank to annoy one another, but as far as my observation extends, they no longer treat civilians with the old superb impertinence. Perhaps this is one of the more fortunate consequences of the late war, which demonstrated, among other things, that the business of killing and being killed is not a sacred mystery but a trade like another, and one at which the professional soldier does not shine too brightly in competition with men of more agile wits.

Be that as it may, I repeat my original suggestion that in our village one Gringo is very like another, and that the inksmiths' ball resembled so closely every other ball that it must have been a disappointment to amateurs of atmosphere.

AN ORATION ON HEROES

AT the American Legion dinner at the Hotel Tivoli last Saturday night Brother Baxter, being instigated thereto by the toasmaster arose and delivered himself of the following gems of thought:

Mr. Chairman, boys, girls, and babies parked in the cloakroom:—As the clown and licensed jester of our village I have said many critical and caustic things about the American Legion; and you have shown a proper contempt for my opinion by electing me a member. I even thought for a time that you felt no rancor and bore me no grudge. But that was before I was designated to speak at this dinner. That detail showed that you intended to get even, and no punishment could have caused me more anguish. I do not like to speak particularly on an occasion as hopelessly dry as this. If there is any pleasure derived from my remarks tonight, it will be yours, not mine, I am not enjoying them in the least.

Fortunately or otherwise the majority of you will not hear me at all. For while I like to pretend and to believe that I am a robustious, har boiled sort of fellow, a tavern brawler and a disputatious roughneck, Nature has wished on me a voice that would seem feeble in a ribbon clerk. This was a serious handicap to me in the Canadian Army with which I served. They thought at one time that I had sufficient intelligence to make a sergeant and they sent me away on a course to learn the sergeant's trade. This course included a horrible ordeal called voice training. It consisted of drilling a squad of men from the opposite side of a ten acre lot. My inability to bawl orders at long range cost me my prospective stripes, and blighted my whole military career. If I had been gifted like Harry Dockery or Deather Lunged Whitey, there is no telling to what heights I might have risen.

I am going to talk now about heroes—not conven-

tional heroes, but some of the unadvertised heroes of the war, as I knew them.

My first hero died before we left Canada. The battalion in which I enlisted was recruited at Windsor, Ontario, by a prominent citizen of those parts named Mc Gregor. I may say incidentally that it was known as the Canadian Scottish Borderers, and that we had a pipe band, and wore kilts. I leave it to your imagination what a noble figure I cut in kilts. The cream of the Canadian boys had enlisted long before Colonel McGregor started his battalion, so that the majority of the recruits we got were not Canadians at all but hoboes, yeggmen and blanket stiffs from the slums of Detroit. They usually spent the cold weather in some comfortable jail or workhouse, but that winter they saw a chance to keep warm and well fed by joining the Canadian Army. They had no intention of going to the war. Out of one thousand men we had three hundred desertions, and we would have lost half the balance if we had not doubled the guards at the ferries and railroad tunnels across the border. Our Colonel, the McGregor, was nuts on ceremonial and we had all the fancy parades and guard mounts and that sort of hokum that he could dig out of the drill book. The old boy had set his heart on a military funeral; but although the undesirables under his command had little or nothing to live for, not one of them had the decency to die. But one day a poor drunken gandy dancer drifted over from the American side, and our recruiting sergeants grabbed him before he had a chance to sober up. They deloused him, gave him a bath, cut his hair, and rushed him into a uniform. It was the first time in his misspent life that the poor fish had ever worn a complete outfit of clean new clothes. He was so pleased with himself that on the night following his enlistment he sneaked across the river to Detroit to exhibit himself to his bar room friends and fittingly celebrate the occasion. During the course of the evening a woman deceived him. She told him that her husband was not at home. This proved to be incorrect; and our gallant Highland hobo was shot and killed. I know now, although I did not realize it at the time that he died, in the line

of duty. While he lived he had been an undesirable bum, but he was no sooner dead than he became a hero; and Colonel McGregor, whose prayers seemed to have been answered, arranged to bury him with the full pomp and pageantry of a military funeral. We had the coffin on a gun carriage draped in the Union Jack, an escort squad with reversed arms, our pipers squawking some weird Highland lament, and the whole battalion following at the slow march. The good citizens of Windsor turned out too, and stood with bowed heads while a salute was fired over our hero's grave and the bugle sounded "lights out."

So much for one hero, an individual case. The rest of them I shall have to handle in groups.

In the first place I want to commend the heroism and patriotism of those gallant young men who abandoned the cigar stands and pool rooms of Main Street and put on khaki, chiefly because it made a hit with the skirts of that day. While their training lasted they had their reward, but later on in France I heard more than one of them speak bitterly, not to say blasphemously, of the particular young woman whom he chose to hold responsible for his presence in a damp and dangerous trench.

I also commend to your applause that vast army of older men who heard their country's call all the more clearly because it offered them an opportunity to withdraw themselves from the loving care and somewhat jealous supervision of their devoted wives. If there is any married man who did not thoroughly enjoy the war, at least in spots, I have yet to make his acquaintance. For them it was a glorious and unexpected holiday, with free transportation to London and Paris and the other wild, wet, wicked cities of Europe. They did their duty to a man, and were heroes, heroes one and all.

There was one curious battalion recruited in Canada which I do not believe had its counterpart in any other country. It was raised by a man who had been a high school superintendent in Toronto. His name, as nearly as I can remember it, was Ferguson, and his outfit was known as "Ferguson's Angels." Colonel Ferguson made his appeal to fond and pious mothers, who had

hesitated to let their boys enlist, because they thought that the army was profane, vicious and immoral. There was to be nothing like that in Colonel Ferguson's battalion. He accepted only nice boys, from good homes, and recommended by the pastor of their church; and he promised to bring them back safe and sound and as pure and spotless as when they left home. It was a lofty and truly moral idea, but an unscrupulous government gummed the whole contract by breaking up the unit in England and sending out the "Angels" in drafts to godless battalions at the front. I had two of them for a while on my Lewis gun crew. They told me that the war had been misrepresented to them and that they would not have come if they had known that it was going to be so rough, or that they would have to fight on Sundays. But they were nice boys, although a trifle nervous at times, and they never made any trouble as long as they were allowed to stay together and hold each other by the hand.

Among the Canadians in France it was not good form to appear brave or patriotic. In fact the thing to do was to tell how badly you had your wind up, what a poor opinion you had of the war, your officers and King George, and how the next time Fritz came over you would throw your hands up, yell "Kamerad," tell him that he could have the damned country, and offer him your apologies for the state it was in.

In January, 1918, General Currie, commanding the Canadian Corps, reviewed our brigade, and made us a speech. He should have known better, for speeches always bore the troops and frequently irritate them. But generals, like other men, love to hear themselves talk. Currie said among other things that it was known that there would be a big German drive in the early spring and that, for his part, he did not care how soon Fritz came over, for whenever or wherever it might be he was sure that we could stop him and drive him back. That is the sort of thing that generals have been saying ever since Caesar's day and according to all the rules of the game the troops should have responded with three rousing British cheers. But it so happened that we were not

in the mood for heroics, and this harmless and perfectly conventional piece of military flapdoodle aroused the most profound indignation. There was a mutinous murmur all along the lines. "Yes," the boys were saying, "you don't care how soon he comes over. Why, you big pot-bellied, useless bag of wind, of course you don't care. You will be safe in some chateau fifteen miles behind the lines, with a fast motor car to carry you to Boulogne in case there is a real smash-up. But where will we be you fatheaded simp? In hell, for all you care." From that day Currie's name was anathema to the Fifth Brigade.

But although the average Canadian in France would never admit that he wanted to fight, or that he was not scared to death every time a whizz-bang burst, somehow or other when the real test came he forgot all his principles and declarations and fought like a wild cat. Perhaps he was too frightened to do anything else, or it may be that he was a hero.

However, my real opinion about this hero stuff is that a hero is a common or garden soldier with a good press agent.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW

AMONG the people who never would be missed is the fellow who quotes the constitution and by-laws and rises for a point of order. Every organization is afflicted with at least one specimen of this breed. Even the Jay Street Country Club is not exempt.

For instance, if at a business meeting of the J. S. C. C. a member says, "Mr. Chairman, I move you that we order another round of drinks," Old Man Technicalities will immediately claim the floor and say: "Mr. Chairman, I am in hearty sympathy with the object proposed by the previous speaker. We need another drink, and nobody knows it better than I do. However, I call your attention to chapter five, section eighteen, paragraph forty-three of our constitution, wherein it is clearly stipulated that no drinks shall be ordered on January 21 of a leap year between the hours of 4.30 and 4.35 p. m. Dry as I am, Mr. Chairman, I insist that our sacred constitution must not be thus flagrantly violated."

At this point somebody shouts: "Sit down, you big stiff."

That only gives Old Man Technicalities another chance, and he continues:

"Mr. Chairman, I now demand the floor on a question of personal privilege. I have been called a big stiff. I admit that the charge is true. Since everybody is wise to me, it would be useless to deny it. But if you will refer to Roberts' Rules of Order, edition of 1865, page 118, the second foot note at the botton of the page, you will find that this expression is considered unparliamentary, and I demand that you will so rule."

Even if you take this fellow out and shoot him, which is the proper thing to do, he has wasted a lot of time, irritated the members and disturbed their usual good nature. The only useful purpose he serves is to attract a few Irishmen to the meetings, who would not attend at all, unless they knew that there was going to be a row.

THE PURSUIT OF LEARNING

SINCE the schools are about to close, and a new crop of graduates will soon start out to conquer the world, armed with a brand new sheepskin and a hazy recollection of facts and figures gleaned from "Herkimer's Handbook of Useless Information" and other standard texts, perhaps a few profound thoughts on the subject of education may be considered in order.

I was once educated myself—almost fatally so—according to the system of Dr. Elliot, the illustrious compiler of the Five-Foot Shelf. Incidentally, I do not think that Dr. Elliot did the right thing by me. He led me to believe that the only way to acquire an education was to spend four laborious years at his school in Cambridge, Mass., at an expense of not less than one thousand dollars per annum. At the end of that time he handed me a nice roll of parchment with inscriptions in the Latin tongue and advised me that I was now a Bachelor of Arts, neglecting to specify which, and admitted to the fellowship of educated men. The latter is doubtless a very respectable fraternity, but it does not maintain clubhouses like the Elks or wear jewels and comic opera clothes like the Shriners or the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. I have never derived any satisfaction from belonging to it.

The whole thing was a disappointment to me, but my special grievance against Dr. Elliot is this. He had no sooner educated me in the tedious and expensive manner I have described than he published the aforesaid Five-Foot Shelf, and announced to the world that any man who purchased these volumes at a dollar down and a dollar every now and then, and devoted fifteen minutes a day to their perusal, would acquire an education painlessly and at trifling expense. If the thing could be done as easily and cheaply as that, why did he not say, so in the first place?

FOUR FULL ACADEMIC YEARS, JOHN, IS THE ONLY WAY YOU OR ANY ONE ELSE CAN EVER BECOME EDUCATED AND OBTAIN ONE OF THOSE NIFTY LITTLE SHEEPSKINS WITH ALL THOSE SWELL LATIN PHRASES ON 'EM - NOW GET BACK TO YOUR STUDIES OR YOU CAN'T GO TO THE FOOT BALL GAME!
HICKORIUS SWITCHUM
GEE, AIN'T THERE NO SHORT CUTS, DOC?
HARVARD FOOT BALL YELLS
-THEN-
LANDS SAKE, SLIM, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D TAKEN UP HIGHER MATHEMATICS!
15 MINUTES A DAY WILL GIVE ANY MAN A LIBERAL EDUCATION-
HARVARD CLASSICS
FIVE FEET OF 'EM. -NOW-
SEVEN, BONES! OR 'LEVEN WILL DO!!
SNAP
SNAP
JOHN GILL, A RAMPED- WHO HAS BEEN ABLE TO LIVE IT ALL DOWN AND BECOME A GOOD ROTARIAN—
A.D. (ONE SEPARATING WARD)
CAPT SLIM STAPLER COULD PERHAPS DO NOTHING WITH OLD NAPIR'S BONES- BUT WHAT HE CAN'T DO WITH A PAIR OF THE AFRICAN VARIETY "AIN'T DONE!"

In this connection I might also consider the sad case of Rotarian John Gill, who is not only an Artium Baccalaureus (baccalaureus, by the way, is not the equivalent of the Spanish bacalao) but also Artium Magister and even a Philosophiae Doctor; but since John is now trying to live down his academic past and make an honest living by the sale of typewriters and adding machines, I do not care to embarrass him.

The experiences of Captain Slim Stapler are also of interest. Slim tells me that when he was a boy in Valdosta, Ga., he spent four happy years in the sixth grade under the tuition of Miss Lou Culpepper, a respectable maiden lady for whom he retains the highest regard. Every year Miss Lou in the kindness of her heart promoted him to the seventh grade, but after a few weeks in the rarefied atmosphere of that shrine of the higher learning he was invariably sent back. At last the schoolhouse burned down, and being thus balked in the pursuit of knowledge, Slim jumped a freight train and started on his travels.

Whenever he returns to Valdosta, as he does from time to time when he is flush and in a position to astonish the natives, he calls on his old teacher, Miss Lou. She listens to a report of his latest activities (expurgated, let us hope), and says: "John (which is Slim's name in respectable society), you have done very well, very well indeed. But don't you think that you would have done even better, if you had accepted an education?"

You see, Miss Lou is under the delusion that because Slim did not finish school he is not educated. If she could see him shoot craps she might change her mind.

ARE YOU LONESOME?

RESPECTABLE married man from our village recently went to New York and put up at the Y. M. C. A. You would not believe it possible, but he did. Perhaps his wife told him to go there, believing that he would be safe. That would be a reasonable assumption. But on the morning after he had registered he found the following circular in his letter box:

"Maybe you are not lonesome, but we have a hunch you may be, so we are writing to tell you about our new club, which is to have its next meeting on Sunday afternoon, September 24th, at 3 o'clock in genial Dr. Benson's church, the Union Methodist, on 48th St., just west of Broadway. If you feel like coming we'll be mighty glad to have you. There will be nice girls there and merry men, a little music, lots of conversation and a bit of tea. But every one will be commanded to do as he or she pleases. If that appeals to you, come along and get acquainted. This club is out to fight lonesomeness. We believe that for every boy that's lonesome there's a girl that's lonesome too. We don't quite see why the business of matchmaking in big cities, for long or shorter periods, should be in the hands of the devil. We suggest being human about it. Hoping you are the same, sincerely yours. The Lonesome Club."

The respectable citizen who got this, being well trained or merely boneheaded, sent it to his wife down here. She remarks: "I just know he will be led astray. Cruel world, after all the trouble and care I have had with him all these years. Oh why do they make them so beautiful?"

We talked this over at the Jay Street Country Club, and we have decided that we will start one of these Lonesome Fraternities ourselves. If the Union Methodist Church can do it, it must be all right. We are tired of having nobody to talk to but Barley and Sweeney and

Arthur, and if there are any nice girls who would like to play with us while their husbands are on vacation or absent without leave, and do a little match making "for long or shorter periods," mostly shorter, they can just drop around any old evening and ask for me or Joe Wynne. We'll be glad to see them.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE AND REV. MOUNTEBANKS

YOU may have noted, gentle reader, in yesterday's paper on the front page a dispatch from Detroit reading: "Three thousand feet aloft in an airplane Howard Potter married Gladys Baxter today. The minister, accompanying in another plane, shouted the wedding ceremony through a megaphone."

This regrettable piece of buffoonery may be ascribed in part to the circumstance that Detroit is situated on the Canadian border, and the plant of the Hiram Walker Distilling Co., is in plain view across the river. Doubtless all hands were ginned up on Canadian Club. That my cousin Gladys should consent to this style of wedding does not surprise me, for, to tell the truth, the Baxters were never noted for discretion. Neither do I greatly blame Howard Potter, since a young man about to be married is in an irrational frame of mind and capable of any folly. But, although I am not a religious man, I can not easily excuse the clerk in holy orders who had so little regard for the dignity of his cloth that he bawled the wedding service through a megaphone from an airplane in flight. This fellow was not a priest but a mountebank, and if he belonged to any sect capable of internal discipline he would be unfrocked.

There are intelligent people who regard marriage as a contract differing in no essential respect from a partnership agreement. They are content to have it registered according to the prescribed forms by a civil magistrate. To that end they repair to his chambers or courtroom. It would not occur to them to request any respectable justice of the peace to register their undertaking from a flying trapeze or the cowcatcher of a locomotive. These officials even in the remotest sections of the cornbelt have some sense of decorum and are un-

willing to bring ridicule upon their office. It is only the reverend clergy who lend themselves to such indecencies.

Those who will not wed without the ecclesiastical blessing presumably accept the view that marriage is not only a contract but a sacrament. A priest or minister is ipso facto committed to that opinion. If then he permits the sacred rites to be performed in the atmosphere of a circus ring, he is unfit for his duties.

As far as I have observed, it is only in the United States and possibly in England that one finds these pulpit thumpers who exercise their sacerdotal functions in the manner of an auctioneer or a vaudeville star. Billy Sunday is their model and the most perfect specimen of the breed. The fact that their sacrilegious clowning is tolerated and even applauded by the gaping multitude is evidence that, while the mob has been taught to read and write and follow trades requiring even a high degree of manual skill, intelligence is almost as rare today as in the Stone Age.

But to return to Cousin Gladys and Mr. Howard Potter, I suggest that Barrister Robinson send them his business card. Young people who choose to be married in an airplane at 90 miles an hour will soon want a divorce at even greater speed.

JACK HILKENE AND THE AMERICAN LEGION

LAST night at the Hotel Corco there was a select gathering of Legionaires and others to bid farewell to the elongated and austere Mr. Hilkene, who is leaving us to take over the job of office manager at the headquarters of the American Legion in Indianapolis.

There is no apparent reason why Comrade Hilkene in this position should not manage the Legion as well as its office; for national commanders and adjutants, after twelve brief months of tenure, will vanish like snow upon the desert's dusty face, while Jack goes on forever. Moreover, our comrade has a certain talent and a strong inclination for managing. He never quite managed our village; but, to do him justice, he was always willing and at times eager to assume the general direction of our affairs.

Comrade Hilkene is conspicuously fit for high office in the Legion. For one thing, he still takes the Legion seriously, being one of the few men who does. Jack takes everything seriously, including himself. He is the most consistently and incurably serious man in these parts, as sepulchral as an undertaker. Our comrade is also notable for his industry. He can work like a beaver even at futile things that are not worth working at at all, as for instance, the election of a carnival queen. Moreover, Mr. Hilkene, is free from the slightest taint of radicalism. He can be depended on to carry on the conservative traditions of an organization whose delegates voted unanimously against the release of Debs and the other political prisoners jailed for expressing unpopular opinions in time of war, and whose national committee went out of its way to endorse the French invasion of the Ruhr. We have no comrade on the Isthmus, with the possible exception of Mr. Fred Sill, who will more certainly keep

GEE, AIN'T THAT GREAT!
HOW TO MANAGE THE UNIVERSE BY "JAY HILL KENNY"
HEADQUARTERS AMERICAN LEGION
CLAP
CLAP
WALSH

Legion policies in close consonance with the best Rotarian and chamber of commerce thought.

An immediate effort is needed, of which Comrade Hilkene is capable, to restore the Legion to favor with those leading citizens who have been alienated by its attitude on the bonus. In order to put this over the Legion was obliged to advance the theory that the munition makers and dollar-a-year men were not entitled to grab all the gravy while the boys did the dirty work for their board and keep. This smelled of Bolshevism and struck at the very foundations of our economic system. It should be made clear that, since the Legionaires have now got theirs, they will once more become the champions of things as they are, persecute all Wobblies, Communists, Reds and other troublesome minorities, and emulate as nearly as possible the Italian Fascisti. Comrade Hilkene should give this his attention. .

Our comrade would also deserve well of the Legion if he would discover and publish some adequate reason for its continued existence, but that is almost too much to expect, even from a man of Jack's undoubted talents.

THESE GUNS, GENTLEMEN, WERE OBSOLETE BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR!
AND THE YOUNGEST HORSE THERE IS SIXTEEN!!
A HORSE, A HORSE, MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!!
THE GENERAL'S CHARGER AWAITS - THE YOUNGEST HORSE IN THE OUTFIT - JUST SWEET SEVENTEEN!
WALSH
WERE YOU IN FRANCE, BUDDY?
NO, I WAS TOO YOUNG! DO YOU THINK I'M A HORSE?
THANK GOD THE ARMY STILL HAS MULES —

THE ARMY'S NAGS

THERE was an item in yesterday's paper that may have meant nothing to the average reader but made the world look far brighter to me. It was that story about the 250 mules landed at Pedro Miguel from an Army transport. Perhaps I had better explain.

A month ago I had the job of showing two of our Congressmen about the Canal, and arranged through Quarry Heights to take them out to the Fortified Islands. Now when the Army gets hold of a Congressman it proceeds at once to impress on him that the one urgent need of our great moral country is more money for national defense. The captain detailed to spiel on this particular occasion could not see a ray of hope. He was pessimism personified.. After pointing out that the big guns were little better than bows and arrows, because they were obsolete and outranged, and that a modern battleship could lie off the Pearl Islands and not only destroy the Canal but even endanger G. H. Q. at Kelley's Ritz, he went on to prove how the military roads were going to pieces for lack of appropriations for upkeep, and the staff officers' quarters, although apparently habitable, were too small for entertaining. Finally, as we drove by the Amador corral, he said: "Gentlemen, there is a striking instance of the kind of thing I have been talking about. You will scarcely believe me, but the youngest animal in that corral is 16 years old."

This was almost more than we could bear. The two legislators were visibly shocked. During the remainder of their stay they were like men oppressed by a great sorrow or suffering the pangs of remorse, and they did not brighten until they were about to sail and remembered that they would stop at Haiti.

Often since then in the stilly night and even under the bright noonday sun I have been haunted by the thought of those superannuated plugs. Suppose that war

were declared, and our gallant Commanding General in the heat of battle should exclaim like Richard III, or Henry V, or whoever it was that said it, "a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" What would happen? Would it save the day if his orderly stepped forward three paces, saluted smartly, and reported in the third person, as prescribed by military etiquette: "The General's charger is here, only seventeen years old on his last birthday." It would not, gentle reader. You know very well it would not.

That is why I rejoice that the Army is getting some new stock. It is true they are only mules, but in a pinch even a skittish mule is better than a horse that enlisted in the days of Roosevelt's Rough Riders.

BLUE LAWS

ONE of the most moral citizens of our great moral country is Dr. Clarence True Wilson, General Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance.

This painfully pious personage recently drafted a Blue Sunday bill for the District of Columbia, which was introduced in Congress by Senator Jones of Washington. The bill, if enacted into law, would prohibit all labor and business of a secular nature "on the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday"; all secular sports are placed under the ban, the printing and sale of newspapers is tabooed, and not only are movies and theatres closed, but the use of any public hall for meetings of other than a religious nature is prohibited.

This bill is simply an entering wedge, the Lord's Day Alliance asserts, and is to become a model Sunday law for the whole nation. Dr. Bowlby, the Superintendent of the Lord's Day Alliance is quoted as saying:

"We shall agitate and spread propaganda, and cause voters to write unceasingly to their representatives in Congress, until no Congressman who cares to stay in Congress will dare to refuse to vote for our measures. These were the methods used by the Anti-Saloon League and they were effective. Of course we shall back no law that would compel a man or a woman to attend church, but we believe that if we take away a man's motor car, his golf sticks, his Sunday newspaper, his horses, his pleasure steamships, amusement houses and parks, and prohibit him from playing outdoor games, or witnessing field sports, he naturally will drift back to church."

Now I do not get unduly excited over these attempts of the Puritans to set up a general censorship and moral inquisition, because I do not believe that this bill, or a similar one, could be blackmailed through Congress by

SAY, COMRADE. WHAT PLACE IS THIS ?
THIS IS HEAVEN, KID, DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW ANY NEW JASS ?
WALSH

all the sanctimonious bigots in the Land of the Free. They did impose Prohibition on us, but their success in that one instance has caused a revulsion of feeling which will block any further attempt along the same lines.

However, when I read of their new machinations it irritates me and upsets my digestion; I sleep badly and have grotesque dreams. For instance, I dreamed last night that I was in a broad, green field, where I encountered the Rev. Clarence True Wilson and the Rev. Dr. Bowlby, each stooping over in the attitude of a boy making a back for leap frog. Seizing the opportunity, I implanted a swift kick on the Rev. coat-tails of each Rev. busybody. I repeated this process with growing satisfaction until I was tired, and then turning to a fellow who had drawn near, arrayed in a white night gown and strumming on a golden ukalele, I asked:

"What is this place?"
"This," he said, "is Heaven."

AND A BEER CHASER — AND MAKE IT SNAPPY, BOY !!
YASSIR — AH MEANS YASS MA'AM!
WALSH

ENCROACHMENTS OF THE GARRULOUS SEX

IN the good old days of George the Great the only women in the Administration Building at Culebra were Madge Reidy and the bowlegged girl at the cigar stand, but "tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis," as John Hart is fond of saying, and the most casual inpection of the present hive of industry at Balboa Heights will show how we have degenerated. Counting the numerous old women in trousers, the well known female sex must now be in the majority out there.

Now, women are all right in their place, concerning which I am inclined to share the views of that great and good man, Mahomet the Prophet of Allah, but it ought to be possible once in a while to get away from them.

Formerly a man could escape the annoyance of female society by taking refuge in his club. That was once true even in Panama. In the pre-Canal days there were two clubs here, the Club International and the Club del Comercio, and, if I remember rightly, no woman ever penetrated into their sacred precincts except on dance nights which recurred no oftener than once a month. When the University Club was organized in 1905 we made the fatal mistake of admitting the dear things practically without restriction, and the contagion spread. Now-a-days the Union Club, the Century Club and the Strangers Club are over-run with them, and a member who drops in for a quiet drink and to cultivate his ideas runs the imminent risk of meeting his wife and experiencing all the discomforts of home.

There remained for us misogynists only the Jay Street Country Club. Even there our immunity was not complete. A little corner was partitioned off for the ladies, and occasionally, as we fished for wisdom in a whiskey glass, some feminine cackle from behind the screen would remind us that life is not all beer and skittles. But at least we did not see them, and by turning a

deaf ear to the disturbing sounds we could still induce an illusion of security.

This sole oasis in a desert of petticoats is now threatened. It seems that women are to be admitted to membership in our club on a virtual equality with men, and that we are to be no more exclusive than the Union or the Century. The entire upper floor has been remodelled for their use, which in spite of all right and reason will give them twice as much space as we have down below.

Whatever plausible excuse may be alleged for this innovation, I am unalterably opposed to it. It is pretended that we will be no worse off than we are now, that the ladies under this new arrangement will still be out of sight and even out of hearing. But I know better. Give a woman an inch, and she will take any number of ells. I can plainly foresee the day when, impatient of the last restriction, some belligerent old dowager will march into our stronghold, rest a foot on the brass rail, and fixing Barley with a cold and hostile eye, demand a Peter Dawson with a beer chaser.

When that day comes, as come it will, I resign, for the last refuge of philosophy and good fellowship in our village will have vanished into the limbo of the lost.

IN PURSUIT OF THE INTELLECTUALS

A RESPETABLE married man from our village reald's suggestion that I have failed to encounter the Isthmian Intellectuals because I stick too close to the Jay Street Country Club and other low dives and groggeries instead of rising like himself into the higher strata of society. I did not believe there was anything in it, but on the theory that everything is worth trying once, when I received an invitation to a most exclusive private musicale in honor of Mr. Bogumil Sykora, I accepted with alacrity. "If", I said to myself, "there are really any Intellectuals in our village, this is just the sort of high-brow show to bring them out."

At the outset the affair was most promising. Not only did I meet the distinguished guest of honor, but also Father Cooper of Colon, Prof. Dr. Neumann of the National Institute, Maestro Galimany, Mr. Walter Myers, Mr. Crede Calhoun, the well known music critic and gate crasher, and other persons of the very highest repute in musical, artistic and literary circles.

My hopes were raised still higher when a lady arrived wearing her dress inside out. "Here," I thought, "is the absent minded professor touch. Intellect, pure intellect! Nothing else could make a woman so careless of her appearance." But in this case I was mistaken. It turned out to have been a cocktail party.

One of the first numbers on the program was the song, "Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier, die waren in Russland gefangen," rendered with great feeling by a young gentleman in the oil business. Since Heinrich Heine is my favorite poet, and I can hear no verses of his without deep emotion, I sought a more secluded spot in which to recover my self-control.

It was then that I arrived in a back room where I discovered two quarts and two ladies, both old friends of mine (I mean the ladies,—or on second thought the

REALLY, JAWN, YOU SHOULD MINGLE A BIT MORE WITH THE UPPER CLASSES OF OUR ISTHMIAN SOCIETY TO SEE OUR VERY OWN INTELLECTUALS.
WELL I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE, GERALD!
J.S.C.C.
WALSH

quarts too), to whom I mean no disrespect when I say that they are good low-brows like myself. It appeared to us three that, whatever our capacity for music and dramatic recitation, here was a part of the entertainment which we could handle as well as any one present. Consequently I can tell you very little of the subsequent proceedings, except that the musicale and the bottles came to an end at approximately the same time.

That there were some very fine numbers, both vocal and instrumental, I freely admit, and I also give due credit to the fat gentleman who recited "Down in the Lehigh Valley" and "You're a better man that I am, Gordon Gin," even though his performance will not bear comparison with Dick Robert's rendering of "Shamus O'Brien." All I wish to emphasize is that my attention was otherwise engaged.

Be that as it may, I might have admitted the intellect of those present, if it had not been for their subsequent behavior. But when the program was concluded, what do you suppose they did? Why, gentle reader, nearly one-half of those pseudo high-brow piled six deep into tin Lizzies and proceeded to Mayme Lee Kelly's notorious honkytonk, The Fritz, where they flea-hopped until two o'clock in the morning.

That a genuine intellectual might occasionally and in the interest of science visit the cabarets is conceivable, but that he, or she, would ever flea-hop I can not admit. Nay, nay. Nothing doing. Nix. There is a limit to all things. Somewhere one must draw the line.

After this disillusionment I am convinced in spite of Gerald that among the nobility and gentry Intellectuals are quite as rare as in the bar room society which I commonly frequent. I have given up all hope of finding any.

AN' BY GOSH YOU SPEAK ENGLISH HUH ?!!
SURELY I DO — SOME AMERICANS SPEAK SPANISH DO THEY NOT ?
WALSH

PANAMA AS VIEWED BY A VISITOR FROM OHIO

SOME months ago Panama was visited by the Hon. James T. Thomas, Mayor of Columbus, Ohio, who upon returning to his own bailiwick contributed to a local magazine his impressions of our village. The Hon. James appears to be a man of rare discernment and remarkable powers of observation. He saw things here which the oldest inhabitant never suspected. I will quote a few passages from his article. For instance, here is one on our local fauna:

"They have all kinds of animals for sale at the market, kangaroos, pigs, monkeys, and in fact nearly every animal I could name."

It is too bad he did not proceed to name a few more, but at least we can be grateful for the kangaroos. As Artemus Ward said, a kangaroo is "a kute little kus."

"The Panamanians," says his Honor, "have a mania for carrying everything on their heads. In travelling about the city the common method of conveyance is a one-passenger carriage driven along by a horse smaller than a Texas pony."

This can not be denied, but Mr. Thomas should remember that we are a young and backward nation. Some day, instead of one-passenger carriages, we may have a few tin Lizzies to ride around in. It seems to me I saw one on Central Avenue only last week.

"You might be startled," continues our traveller, "to see the natives armed continually with a large knife (they call it a machete.) They carry this knife for use in the jungle to protect themselves from the snakes that infest the jungles... The natives will not go into the jungles unless they find out that the snake doctor is going to be home."

One might well be startled. I am startled myself, particularly by his explanation of why we carry these alarming knives.

"In the picture shows they have a queer system. They have several pictures on the program. When you go in, you pay to see the picture that is running on the screen, and before they start the next picture they come around and collect. The pictures vary in price, 10c. 20c. and 30c."

I will leave that one to Gerald. Perhaps they do behave like that in the picture shows; I do not visit them often enough to know.

"You don't see girls or women in the streets at all. They are all kept within doors, and any sparking done down there is done through an iron grating in the window."

This was indeed the good old custom; but, alas, it is no longer followed. If the Hon. James really saw no women or girls on the street, I fear that he must be very nearsighted. But his most astounding adventure was a call on President Porras.

"You can imagine my surprise," he says, "to have him address me in very good English."

This was indeed surprising—to meet a man who spoke more than one language. In Columbus, Ohio, such a thing was never heard of. It simply isn't done.

The Hon. James J. Thomas says in conclusion: "The more I see of other countries, the better I like the United States. I am glad I visited Panama, but my visit increased my love for the good, old U. S. A."

Three rousing cheers! Rotary, rah, rah, rah!

STRANGE BIRDS IN OUR VILLAGE

ONE meets some curious birds in our village and hears some strange yarns.

For instance, I encountered the other day a reformed bucko Mate, who told me this one:

"Off Mauritius we lost two men overboard, which left us with twelve in the forecastle. Ten days later we ran into a squall at night, and I called all hands to shorten sail. It was pitch dark; you could not see your hand in front of your face except in the glare of the lightning, when for a split second every rope and spar stood out in distinct outline against the sky. Looking aloft in these momentary flashes, I counted fourteen men on the yards; not once, but time after time. I am not an imaginative man, nor subject to delusions. Fourteen men took in sail that night; but only twelve came down from the rigging."

So much for the reformed Bucko. On the following day, while I was conversing with my friend the Kentucky Kid, we were joined by a gentleman who had once played poker with the Kid and pretended that he did not regret it. The Kid, rather tactlessly I thought, questioned the gentleman's talents as a card player. The latter was indignant.

"How's that?," he said. "Didn't I bank sixty thousand bucks in one year, and all from the cards? Didn't I live for two years at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, playing bridge and poker, dressing every night for dinner, living with millionaires, and me a bum?"

Then just to indicate their respective accomplishments, the Kentucky Kid shuffled and cut the cards and casually dealt the "Big Mit," while his friend took a full deck between his fingers and tore it in half.

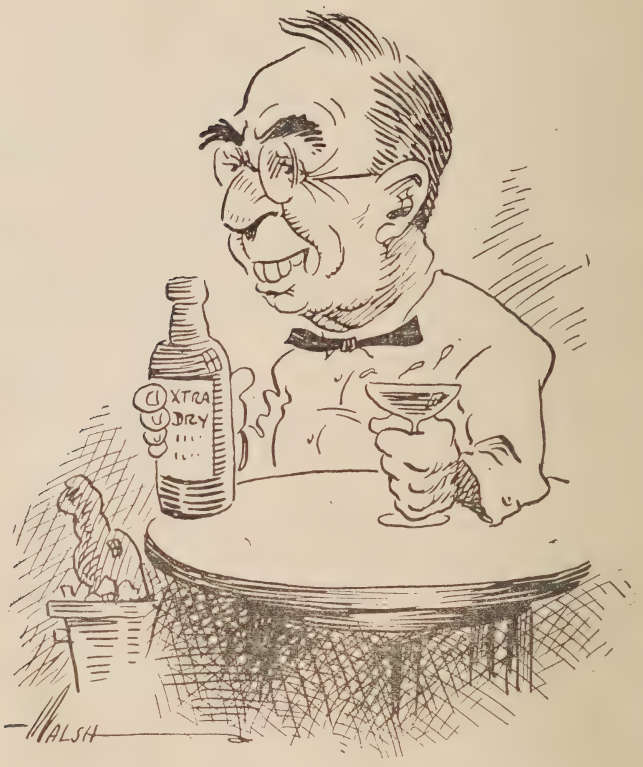
In these two incidents there is material for a Clark Russell sea yarn and a picaresque romance; and they are by no means isolated. You can hear tales like that

YES AN' LOOKUT HERE, KID, I'LL DEAL THEM BABIES RIGHT OFF TH' TABLE!
AN' I'LL BUST 'EM IN TWO WHEN YOU FINISH!
LAY BELOW YOU TWO EXTRA HANDS TILL I SEE IF YOU'RE REAL OR NOT!
SHREE CHEERSH!
WHERE'S TH' FIRE
CRUSTOMER FOOD DEPT

every day at the Jay Street Country Club over a glass of Seven Days Old or Three Staggers.

Speaking of the effects of alcohol, did you hear of the hardy seafarer, who last week after a night on Front Street walked into the Cristobal Fire Station, helped himself to the chief's red automobile, and drove back to his ship. The gallant bomberos were sleeping off a checkers tournament that night, and did not miss their handpainted Tin Lizzie until somebody called them up from the docks the next morning and advised them to come and get it.

The hero of this escapade is bound over to the District court under a bond of $1000. I do not know what Judge Wallingford will do to him, but he deserves to be decorated with the Grand Cross of the Ancient Order of Rum Hounds.


XTRA
DRY
WALSH

THE HON JOSEPH WYNNE A REALISTIC PORTRAIT

WE suspect that the artist who drew this portrait of the Hon. Joseph Wynne is in the pay of the obstructionist opposition. Our labor statesman, the people's friend, is depicted as guzzling a bottle of champagne. Now Joseph is not really a wine bibber. In fact there is authentic record of only two occasions on which he sampled this tipple of the profiteers. The first was when the Gompers party visited the Presidencia; Dr. Porras, after passing round the bubble water, invited all hands to drink hearty; whereupon Mr. Wynne bowed low and replied: "Mr. President, on behalf of the entire delegation I thank you." So apt a speech should not be lightly forgotten. The second occasion is that depicted by the artist. Comrade Knapp, the obese and patriotic tenor, upon the eve of his departure for Chile, felt that he must pour out expensive libations to mark the occasion, and insisted that Mr. Wynne bear him company.

These are the facts, but of course the popular interpretation of them may be quite different. Contemporary comment was probably something like this:

(1) "I was up at the Jay Street Country Club a while ago. Joe Wynne was there drinking champagne."

(2) "Hoosis says he saw Joe Wynne at the Jay Street Country Club soused to the gills and treating the house to champagne."

(3) "Beer may suit you and me, Brother, but it's not good enough for these labor bosses. They tell me that Joe Wynne has a quart of wine every afternoon at the Jay Street Country Club. No wonder those birds have to take up collections. Pretty soft, if you ask me."

And so the legend grows, partly by natural accretion and partly through the busy efforts of gentlemen with axes to grind. At the June meeting of the M. T. C. a letter will be read from Local No. 47, International

Union of Troublemakers, inquiring whether it is correct that Brother Wynne is short in his cash and if there was not some question about an item of $3.17 for laundry on the expense account that he submitted after his return from Washington three years ago. When the matter has been throughly threshed out, Brother Egbert Egg of the Ladies' Garment Workers will declare in a brief oration lasting not more than forty-five minutes that, although it is clear that there has been no actual wrongdoing, he feels that in drinking a glass of champagne at the Jay Street Country Club Brother Wynne was guilty of an error of judgement. Thus is the cause of Labor advanced.

While all this will undoubtedly come to pass, and the publication of Mr. Wynne's portrait, with the incriminating bottle conspicuous in the foreground, may play into the hands of the carping critics, nevertheless, the likeness is so perfect and the pose so natural that we felt it ought not to be suppressed.

GERALD THE JOURNALIST

I CONGRATULATE Gerald on his list of intellectuals and even more on the article accompanying the list. It is superb, a perfect Geraldism.

Mr. Martin enters, bowing right and left, bouquets in either hand. "Madame, mes homages. Monsieur, mes compliments. Pray accept the assurance of my profound esteem. I kiss your hand. I am at your feet. Command me. I am your most obedient, humble servant."

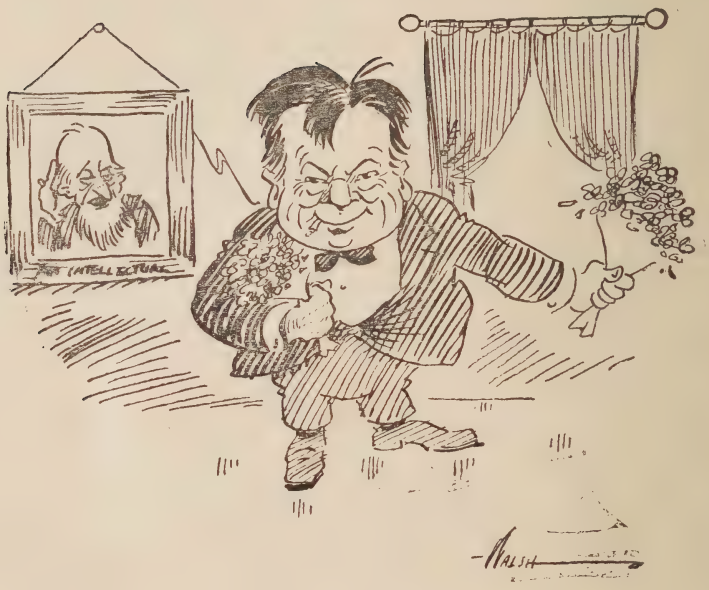
How appreciative he is! How unlimited his capacity for admiration! How he reveres the nobilty and gentry the great and the near great, pillars of society, and not, be it said, from any base spirit of sycophancy, but with conviction and from the bottom of his heart. To Gerald a person of importance is a person of importnce and, as such, entitled to deference and respect.

There is nothing of the cynic in Gerald. To him the world is a perfectly wonderful place and full of wonderful people. There is no such thing as bunk or sham, at least not in the higher social and official spheres. All politicians are statesmen, every busybody is a public-spirited citizen, and the most ridiculous and fraudulent Rotarian is a philanthropist actuated by the loftiest motives.

It must simplify life tremendously to have that temperament, to live on Main Street and never feel bored by Main Street's affairs and Main Street's characters, but, on the contrary, to find them tremendously thrilling and significant.

It is hard to conceive that Gerald is ever bored. When the supermen of Colon fail him, there is always some travelling celebrity at the Washington on whom he can practice his talent for admiration and whose autograph he can secure for his little book.

And so he goes through life, always the optimist,


MALSH

always looking upon the very brightest side of everything, with unshaken confidence in "our best people," eargerly rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's with a little salve added, and proclaiming cheerfully that every day in every way we are growing better and better.

As for his Intellectuals, I accept them without amendment or demur. His list is truly remarkable, and none but he could have compiled it.

NOBODY LOVES US BUT CAL - HE'LL NEVER FORGET AN OLD PAL !!
MAYBE HIM WANTS WHAT WE LOOK LIKE SATISFIED
Ford

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE INAUGURAL PARADE

I SEE by the papers that Cal is in favor of a simple inauguration. He would be. He can scarcely go as far as Jefferson, who rode to the Capitol unattended and tied his horse to a rail fence; but there is much of the pomp, pageantry and piffle surrounding previous ceremonies of this kind which may be omitted without inconvenience and to the advantage of the taxpayers. The inaugural ball can be made to pay for itself and perhaps yield a profit by selling tickets of admission, gents 25 cents, ladies free, no cheek to cheek dancing or other rough stuff allowed. But I am not primarily interested in that. What I would like to see is an inaugural parade that would not involve the Government in ruinous expense and yet typify sound Republican doctrines as held in and around Boston anno Domini 1925. Ever since I was dishonorably discharged from the National Guard of the District of Columbia for my irregular participation in the Roosevelt parade of 1905 I have considered myself an expert on these affairs, and for the 4th of next month I suggest the following line of march:

Cal riding in a second-hand Ford and sucking a lemon to preserve that sour look.

The Silver Cornet Band of Northampton, Mass., playing: Don't give the coon a quarter when he only earned a dime.

The Wall Street Republican Marching Club.

Senator Butler of Massachusetts mounted on an elephant and bearing a transparency with the words: I made him what he is today, I hope he's satisfied.

Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler and bacchantes selected from the Women's Christian Temperance Union dispensing spring water from sap buckets.

New England cotton mill owners with banners reading: Suffer little children to come unto me.

Battalion of lame ducks singing: Nobody loves us but Cal, he'll never forget an old pal, he'll cure our vexations with foreign legations, and we'll stick to the pay roll and Cal.

Float with letter carriers and post office clerks working for all they are damn well going to get.

Super income-tax payers and protective tariff profiteers licking their chops and trying to look thankful for what they are about to receive.

Comrade Dawes in the uniform of a Major General of the Minute Men of America.

The Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court in squads, five on one side and four on the other.

Effigy of Senator Robert Marion LaFollette hung in chains.

Members of labor unions who voted the Republican ticket and other feeble-minded persons attended by orderlies from St. Elizabeth's and the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital.

Heroic statues in plaster of Paris of Russell Sage and Hetty Green, patron saints of the incoming administration.

Members of the Amherst class of 1895 led by Mr. Dwight Morrow.

Delegates from the Ku Klux Klan, the Epworth League, the United Rotary Clubs, the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine and the Over the River Burial Society.

Mayflower puritans.

The Ohio gang.

Space will be reserved for other organizations with the distinct understanding that participation will be at their own expense.

PRECOCIOUS GENIUS

THE other day in looking over "The A. I. U. Magazine," a minor house organ which is mailed to the Bureau of Statistics, I ran across an interview with President Coolidge by one Horace A. Wade, "America's Youngest Author," who is described in the editorial blurb as follows:

"Fifteen-year old Horace A. Wade holds an almost unbelievable record for a boy of such immature years. As a feature writer on scores of metropolitan dailies, and having addressed many great advertising clubs, associations of commerce, etc., he has achieved unusual success. He has spoken to over one million people, interviewed over 300 notables, and preached in some of the largest Baptist pulpits in America. Before he was twelve he had written four books, including 'In the Shadow of a Great Peril' and 'The Heavy Hand of Justice.' "

This explains much. Like yourself, gentle reader, I had often wondered who wrote the feature articles for the Sunday papers, the fiction in the popular magazines and the moving picture scenarios and titles. Obviously most of this junk is intended for readers with the mental development of a twelve-year old child, but before I heard of Horace I had not suspected that it was the output of the grammar school intelligentsia.

Horace is an ardent Coolidge man, and in view of his literary reputation it would not surprise me to learn that he had been selected to write the Republican platform. Of course one must consider the contrary theory that Mr. Coolidge wrote the platform himself. From internal evidence it is difficult to determine the author, and at this time a careful critic can say no more than that it might well have been either Horace or Cal.

Horace's success as an expounder of theology is comprehensible in a land which listens with respect to

the Rev. Billy Sunday and is interested in the biblical and biological views of the Hon. William Jennings Bryan. By the same token I suggest that he might do well on the vaudeville stage. The two fields of endeavor have much in common.

It is no reflection on Horace to point out that he is not the first precocious author on record. In one of the early chapters of "Tristam Shandy" several remarkable cases are mentioned, including that of the learned. Anselmus Sylvanus, who is said to have composed a work at the age of three months. Uncle Toby's judicious comment on this is that "they should have wiped it up with a diaper and said no more about it."

REVOLT OF THE SAN BLAS

THE traditional method of dealing with a situation such as that which has arisen on the San Blas coast is extermination. A properly equipped punitive expedition could easily burn every Island village, shoot down all Indians who resist, and drive the survivors to the mainland and back into the hills to starve. Panama can handle the job, or, if it is desired to employ the latest modern methods, the contract might be let to the Gringos, who have several hundred years' experience in the spoliation and slaughter of Indian tribes. A few bombs dropped from the air and the San Blas will be with the Mohawks and the Mohicans.

There are a thousand precedents for this method of procedure, and precedent is of course law. An alternative, entitled perhaps to some consideration but unlikely to commend itself, would be a careful and impartial investigation into the underlying causes of the uprising, begun after the necessary steps have been taken to prevent further bloodshed, with a view to an equitable and humane settlement.

Some facts are known and may be stated. The San Blas Indians are not an aggressive or a bloodthirsty race. They ask only to be left alone. They have no desire to be either Colombians or Panamanians, but they would acknowledge the political supremacy of the Republic of Panama if they were guaranteed tribal autonomy and the undisturbed possession of the lands which their ancestors have held for untold generations. They are opposed with ample reason to the settlement of strangers among them, for they know that infiltration must lead eventually to subjection. From Alaska to Cape Horn their brother aborigines have been either swept out of existence or reduced to peonage. Theirs is one of the few remaining semi-independent tribes.

In spite of all they could do alien trading posts and police stations were established in their territory, backed by physical force which it was difficult to resist. Acts of petty oppression and extortion may be assumed, they always occur under similar conditions, for, like single men in barracks, policemen on outpost duty and pioneer traders seldom grow into plaster saints. It must have been a long succession of such acts which drove the Indians to concerted revolt.

When Dan Wright returned from the upper Amazon several years ago he told me of a tribe he had encountered in the Peruvian Oriente, which was forestalling extinction at alien hands by racial suicide. Children born in its villages disappear immediately after birth and are never seen again. In a generation the last old men will die and leave to strangers the land which they could not defend against military rifles with blowguns and poisoned arrows.

Perhaps the San Blas would have been better advised to choose this method of escape rather than provoke an armed conflict which can have only one outcome. In a world which is still governed by the law of the jungle their cause is hopeless. But it is easy to imagine and impossible to withhold some measure of sympathy from an Indian Horatius inciting his people to a last stand with an equivalent of the lines:

> "But how could man die better
> Than facing fearful odds
> For the ashes of his fathers
> And the temples of his gods?"

We are witnessing the last scenes of a tragedy which began four hundred years ago in Hispaniola and is now nearing its end.

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR MORONS

APPARENTLY it is impossible to stop the wheels of progress in our great moral country, for having prescribed what we may drink, that noble band of altruists, the Society for Minding Other People's Business, is now preparing to tell us what we may eat and how we may eat it. So at least I gather from the following dispatch from Chicago published in the estimable New York Times:

"As a precaution against typhoid fever, Director Isaac D. Rawlings of the Illinois Department of Health has issued an order forbidding the eating of raw oysters in Illinois after January 15th. This order, said to be the most drastic of its kind, holds dealers responsible for its enforcement and compels them to obtain a written agreement when selling oysters that they are not to be eaten raw. Where a dealer sells to another dealer he must obtain such an agreement. The consumer must also agree that the oysters will be cooked. Director Rawlings said the action is necessary because earlier warnings went unnoticed."

This ukase is a model of its kind. It will cause considerable inconvenience to a great number of citizens, require the signing and filing of innumerable forms, provide employment for an army of sleuths and inspectors, and have the minimum effect on the consumption of raw oysters.

If the unterrified freemen of Illinois continued to eat their oysters raw after Director Isaac D. Rawlings had warned them solemnly that raw oysters carried typhoid germs, it can only be because they thought that Isaac D. Rawlings was an ass and did not know what he was talking about. His decree will confirm their low opinion of his intelligence, and they will continue to eat raw oysters in spite of written agreements and red tape. In

fact, the choicer spirits will consume an extra dozen on the half shell to show their derision and contempt for the Department of Health.

However, when Chicago and the hinterland have adapted themselves to this measure, and the oyster business has been reorganized on a bootlegging basis, Director Rawlings or some bureaucrat or legislator of equal acumen will bethink himself that razors are highly dangerous tools and forbid their sale except when the customer shall have certified under oath that he does not intend to cut his own throat.

The next step will be to limit instruction in the art of reading to those who are under bond to read nothing but thoroughly sterilized literature approved by the Board of Censors.

A whole series of similar preventive and prophylactic measures are needed to make the world safe for the feebleminded and intolerable for everyone else. It is a tremendous task, but our uplifters are indefatigable, and they will not rest while we have one remaining shred of liberty that might be abused.

The Panama Times

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine reflecting the economic progress, commercial activity, industrial and agricultural development, and the historic, scenic and human interest of Panama and neighboring republics.

LEON L. KAY, Editor.

Sample copies free

$ 5.00 PER YEAR

Postpaid to any address

Remit by check on any bank in the world or send a Five Dollar Bill at our risk.

Advertising rates on application.
Largest circulation of any magazine published in Panama or the Isthmian region.

Address all orders and communications to the publishers:

P. O. Box 5037, Ancon, C. Z.

The Panama Times Ltd.